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Vol. 25 No. 10

The girl who's had 1,000 lovers

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MATRA: THE MARQUE THAT MADE A WORLD CHAMPION

QUEST: HOW WOMEN PLEASURE THEMSELVES

ISABEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAOLO TALLARIGO

Beauty, in all its forms, has long been a pre-occupation with Salisbury-born Isabel. The tiny cottage she inherited has become a miniature stately home, packed with art treasures, largely picked up from the antique store which she now runs. 'I started off just helping a friend out, and now I'm a full partner in the business myself,' she says.

Despite her appreciation of beautiful things, it took a photographer friend to show her the one item she was overlooking — herself. 'He persuaded me to pose, and was amazed at the results. He really made me look good,' she says 'now it has pride of place in my room.'

The most striking aspect of 23-year-old Isabel Harrison's bedroom is the large nude photograph up on the wall. Closer inspection, which we strongly recommend, will reveal that 34-24-34 Isabel is herself the subject of the study, beautifully hung in a dark wood antique frame.

'I started training as a beauty therapist when I left school, and instantly knew this was the job I wanted to do.' Selina is constantly inundated with requests from friends for treatment of one kind or another. 'The problem is because they're all my friends I do the work as a favour, so when I'm not training, I spend my spare time working.'

'If I charged them all, I'd be a very rich woman, but my friends return favours like lending me their cars or paying for an evening out at a restaurant.' Aside from her energetic pastimes, Selina admits her other passion is sleeping. 'I need at least nine hours a night. It's the best beauty treatment you can get. All girls need their sleep.'

SELINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB TANNER

Modesty is not a word that springs to mind when describing 22-year-old Selina Thompson. For this fulsome 38-24-36 inch lady from Cheltenham loves chatting about her body.

'I'm a very physical person, so why not?' she says. 'I like the idea of men looking at me, and happen to be very proud of my boobs. When I went topless on holiday, they caused a stir.'

'The guys on the beach kept looking at me they were so impressed with my body,' Selina laughs. 'One guy I dated actually told me I had the best pair of boobs he had ever seen in his life. He said they reminded him of a pair of artillery shells.' To keep in shape, Selina works out daily. 'You know the kind of thing — aerobics, swimming and weight-training. My motto is ''no pain no gain'' but I don't go as far as someone like *Madonna* who seems absolutely fanatical about keeping fit.' Selina who works as a beauty therapist hopes to open up a gym of her own one day.

TRINE

The girl with a thousand lovers

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

Thirty eight-22-34 inch Trine has recorded her conquests in diaries she started on December 21, 1981, her sixteenth birthday. As she told *The Sport* newspaper in a series of fully detailed confessions, the first entry marked her current tally of 17 lovers, which included a 'teenage trainee macho man', who lasted just 20 seconds, and an 'old age pensioner who wanted to give me all the benefits of his experience (three hours).'

You've heard of the Tales from a Thousand and One Arabian Nights. Now a modern-day Scheherezade is presenting the Danish version, and it's proved a good deal hotter than anything from Arabia. The lady in question is 24-year-old top model and ex-Miss Denmark Trine Michelson, who claims to have made love to one thousand men — and one woman.

Since then Trine has noted the times, places and positions of each new conquest, and graded each man. She told the *Sunday Sport:* 'I mark each fellow out of ten for SS (sexual satisfaction), O (originality), and R (romanticism). They've got to be pretty amazing lovers to get more than five!' As an unrepentant exhibitionist, Trine's naughtiest moments are public ones, beginning at a party when she was 18. 'My man at the time was sitting on a chaise longue,' she said in the *Sunday Sport*. 'I went to the loo. When I came back, I whispered in his ear: "I've taken my panties off. What are you going to do about it?" He was so shocked I had to unzip him. With me gently pumping up and down on him, we carried on a normal conversation!' Later she had a back row romp at the premiere of *Girl on a Swing*, in which she had a walk-on part. But the most daring incident was on a flight from Copenhagen to Rome, when Trine enjoyed the captain's favours on the flight deck. And that one woman? A boyfriend offered the best dinner in Copenhagen if she'd sleep with an attractive lesbian friend. 'It didn't do a lot for me,' Trine told the *Sport*, 'but *she* obviously enjoyed herself!'

'As a matter of fact I've been out with some guys who have gone on to become famous actors. It would be unfair to name any of them, so you'll just have to guess,' she giggles. Trixie finds it hard to talk about anything else other than work. 'I'm sorry. I do get wrapped up in it I know, but it's my life. Without my job I think I'd end up leading a rather mundane life.' When she does manage to get some time to herself, Trixie likes to go cruising on a canal barge. 'A gang of us get together, hire a barge out for the weekend, and just cruise up the Grand Union Canal. It's so peaceful, and you get to find some of the most beautiful canal-side pubs which serve absolutely delicious meals.' Trixie says she could see herself living on a longboat. 'Oh indeed yes. Just me, a radio, and a parrot for company. At least I'd have someone to talk to when I get lonely. And perhaps . . . a man to wash the decks and open the locks for me like a true gent.'

TRIXIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIKKI DOWNEY

'I've always been a rather dramatic dresser,' confesses Oxford-born Trixie Bell. 'I think it comes from having an artistic background. I have always tried to express myself, and what better way to do it than by posing in *Mayfair*.' Twenty-five-year-old Trixie works as a freelance make-up artist. Her work takes her all over the country. 'Sometimes I can be working for a touring theatre group, other times a television or film company so the wo never gets boring.' With her eye-catching dress sense and extrovert behaviour, friends often tell 34-22-34 inch Trixie she should make a career for herself on the stage. 'I don't think so. I'd hate having to learn my lines.'

Trixie candidly admits that there is one area of stage work that does appeal to her — striptease. 'Don't get me wrong, I'm not talking about anything tacky, more the artistic acts you see in Parisian nightclubs and certain London theatres. Doing a strip in picture form is probably the nearest I'll come to actually achieving it. But I suppose doing this set is good practice. Who knows, if your office is flooded with fan mail after my appearance, I may consider stripping in the flesh so to speak.' Due to the demands of her work, Trixie confides she has no steady boyfriend at the moment. 'Travelling about is not conducive to forming a steady relationship. Not that I don't meet a lot of men you understand.'

In the comfort of her own room, Samantha becomes a very different person. 'I have lots of changing moods to suit different occasions,' she says. Working in the West Country as a dressmaker only serves to fuel Samantha's creative thoughts. 'I write a lot in my spare time, especially poetry. Some people keep diaries to look back on, but I prefer to write poems. They capture the feelings of a person so much clearer. Also it's very romantic.'

Indoor Girl

SAMANTHA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED WOOD

'I'd love to be a wild west hero,' enthuses 24-year-old Samantha James. 'A free-spirit roaming around the open on horseback with a true friend for company — that's me.' With her fresh complexion, fulsome lips and shapely 34-22-34 inch figure, Samantha would have no shortage of male partners. 'We can all dream I guess. I must have been watching too many Clint Eastwood films.'

Outdoor Girl

ANNA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FIELDER

'A country girl, that's me,' says 23-year-old Anna Cowans. 'And what better place to take these pictures in than a barn. I couldn't really imagine doing them in some flashy studio or house.' Sussex-born Anna adds with a giggle, 'mind you the straw can get into some funny places.'

She works as a receptionist at a small agricultural company near her home in Lewes. 'Most of my friends work in the farming industry, so I often lend a hand moving straw bales and the like.' Glancing down at her sleek figure, she modestly admits, 'all this exercise does wonders for my boobs. Hopefully it will improve my chances of finding a sexy countryman to settle down with in a large farmhouse full of young children.'

Aside from her modelling work, another enjoyable part of Wendy's life is spent playing sport. 'I'm well into keep fit,' she says. 'Too many people when they leave school stop playing sport and taking exercise. I played netball at school, and have continued ever since. Whenever I can, I also try to fit in regular games of badminton and swimming sessions.' Does that leave her any time for more obvious pursuits?

'Oh you mean men,' she replies as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. 'I can always find time for the right type of man if he comes into my life. I know I shouldn't say this, but I don't go for Welsh men at all. I don't know why but I find them rather dull. But before you all come beating my door down, there are some nice guys about but they're hard to find. All the same it's good fun trying to hunt them out from time to time.'

WENDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

'Croeso-I-Cymru,' says 21-year-old Wendy Gill. 'It means welcome from Wales. I was actually born in Merseyside, but moved to Bangor when I was eight, so I learned the Welsh language at school.' Wendy went to Bethesda Comprehensive School, but left at the age of 16. 'To be honest I didn't really know what I wanted to do for a career. My first job was in a bakery, but I soon got tired of all the early starts.' Her big break came when Wendy's 36-24-36 inch curves were spotted in a nightclub. 'Some friends persuaded me to enter a Miss Wet T-shirt competition at the *Octagon* nightclub in Bangor. After getting drenched from head to foot in water in front of a cheering crowd, I was voted the winner — much to my surprise,' laughs Wendy. 'A photographer spotted me, and suggested I try my hand at glamour modelling — and this is the result. It's quite funny really, I've always been pretty shy about my body, and never imagined I'd end up showing it off in *Mayfair*. Amazing how things change.'

Despite living in North Wales, Wendy still regularly visits friends and relations in Merseyside. 'It happens to be a bit more lively than Bangor, and the clubs are a lot better as well. The people also happen to be very friendly with a good sense of humour. The only problem with Wales is that it rains all the time especially on the coast.' Unless her modelling career takes off, Wendy has no intention of leaving her Welsh home. 'I'm settled here now and I think home is definitely where the heart is so why change things if you're happy.'

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She claims to have had over a thousand lovers, and she's kept a diary detailing her romps. Trine Michelson bares all

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46

French built Matra sports cars are a rare sight on British roads, but they are noted for their distinguished racing tradition and road handling

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The sensational 38-24-36 inch figure of Cumbrian cutie Jenny Barnes is set to make a big impression on form watchers. We think you'll find this stunning centre girl set a bit special

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continued from page 6

form as captured by your photographers, I have been speculating about what and who turns on your readers.

Here for what they're worth are my current top eight girls gathered together after weeks of hard labour!

For me your most recent stunner is lovely Natalie Richardson (Vol 25 No 7). Her high, pointed breasts set off by luscious nipples give more than a hint of her delicious summer fruit. These being her shapely cheeks, invitingly furry pussy, and her tantalising expression. Is it shy or encouraging I wonder? I can't be the only reader who would willingly help Natalie achieve her very proper remaining outdoor ambition!

Another winner for me is cute Coral Eastham (Vol 25 No 2). Her appealing, innocent face, her pert little breasts, and her long elegant legs coupled with ice blue eyes and a fine pubic mound make her irresistible. A bit more of Coral, and I could well become a ballet fan.

Obviously I must have a fellow feeling for my attractive compatriot Pauline Archibald (Vol 25 No 1). Her firm, upturned breasts and her lovely curvy bum make her a real turn on. She has a sweet face too. And what about Julia Winters (Vol 25 No 4)? I just love her long elegant legs with that firm, neat bottom. Not forgetting to add the biggest and best pair of tits this year.

Then what about Diana Carter (Vol 25 No 5)? That wistful yet experienced expression in her light eyes, plus every inch of her tanned body, and enticing firm breasts with nibbly nipples make Diana another top girl.

From what I call the 'big brigade' comes the cuddly and shapely Caroline Barker (Vol 25 No 4) with as fine a pair as any. I wouldn't mind her pulling a good few of my pints!

Now for my top two. First of all, your extra girl-next-door from Ireland, Aileen Connor (Vol 25 No 4). She really is a knockout. That enigmatic invitation in her light eyes, lovely firm tits, a pretty good bum, and above all that luscious shaggy mound, a winner seen from both front and rear, make her something special. Yes, she really is a girl one could gets one's teeth into. And last of all is Donna Ewin (Vol 24 No 10). One of last year's highlights was Donna removing her shirt and revealing those quite magnificent breasts. This year thank goodness, she is revealing her full glory in (Vol 25 No 3) under the guise of Nina Downe
Thank you *Mayfair* for the hour
of pleasure you give. Now I mus
return to my collection.
Name and address withheld

German unity

No doubt coming to the end of th
holiday season, your postbag wi
be bulging with 'holiday romps.
Although I had my foreign holida
back in May, the followin
experience lingers long in m
mind.

My friend and I decided to take
last minute holiday in the Canar
Islands. As two strapping youn
men in our twenties we eagerl
anticipated meeting a few girls.
Unfortunately for me, this notio
didn't quite go as planned. Pa
(name changed) met an old scho
friend, and virtually abandone
me.

As the nights passed by, I slowl
gave up hope of meeting a girl -
until the last night. Why is
always this way? I was actuall
sitting in a small intimate ba
knocking back a Beck's, when
caught sight of a striking-lookin
girl in her mid to late twenties. Sh
seemed to be sitting on her ow
but I couldn't quite make out if sh
was because of the people sittin
next to her at the bar.

I kept glancing over, and notice
she also seemed to be giving m
subtle looks. Fortified by anothe
bottle of beer, the next time sh
looked my way, I gave her a bi
smile. Much to my relief, sh
returned the gesture.

Pointing to the empty bar stool ne
to me, I shook the glass in m
hand, and indicated if she woul
like to join me for a drink. Sh
smiled broadly and came over.

It turned out she was Germa
Heidi (name changed) spoke flue
English, and soon to m
amazement we found ourselve
getting on like a house on fire. A
she wiggled on the bar stool, I fe
myself becoming more and mo
attracted to her.

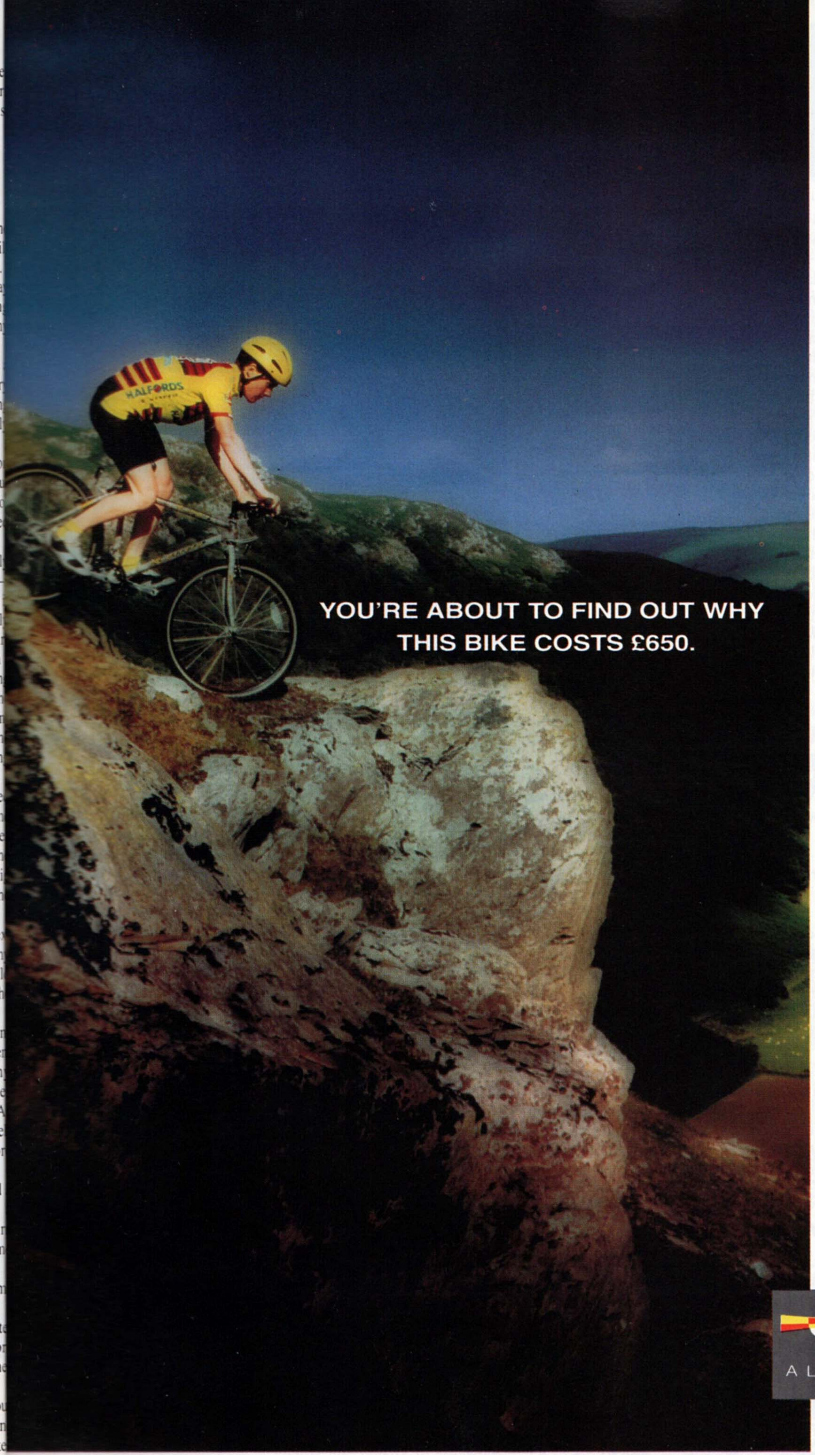
She had large brown eyes, and
pretty face surrounded by
fashionably unruly mop of aubu
curly hair that had becom
bleached by the sunlight.

It turned out she had actually com
on holiday on her own after
friend pulled out at the last minut
I hadn't seen her in the bar befo
because she spent most of h
nights in the bar at her hotel.

As time passed by, I found o
conversation becoming more a
more intimate. The way she look
at me as we talked made m
suddenly realise, 'This is it bo
It's your last night, don't let h
slip away.'

Finishing our drinks, I asked Hei

turn to page 1



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LETTERS
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We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

Fiction fan

One thing I have always admired about *Mayfair* is the impressive array of fiction you present. It would be very hard for me to characterise a *Mayfair* short story — from the sophisticated sexiness of the Sam White story, *The Late Pass*, in Vol 25 No 8, to last month's excellent *Beltane's First Stand* (Vol 25 No 9) by Dave Fountain. The latter put me irresistibly in mind of a kind of bawdy Marx Brothers' script, lots of nice one-liners and some great characters.

I look forward, as ever, to next month's offering.

LM, Doncaster

This month's fiction piece promises to be another memorable selection — Head Case *by Paul Stewart. It starts on page 36 and we speak to the author on page 11.*

Well-matched

Like Prince Charles, a group of us in our hall of residence are keen fans of the Goons. One apparently true story about them really tickled us. One night Spike Milligan heard a ring at his door bell and opened it to find Peter Sellers on his doorstep, stark naked with a tray of matches round his neck. 'Excuse me, sir,' said Sellers, 'could I interest you in a thriving timber and sulphur business?'

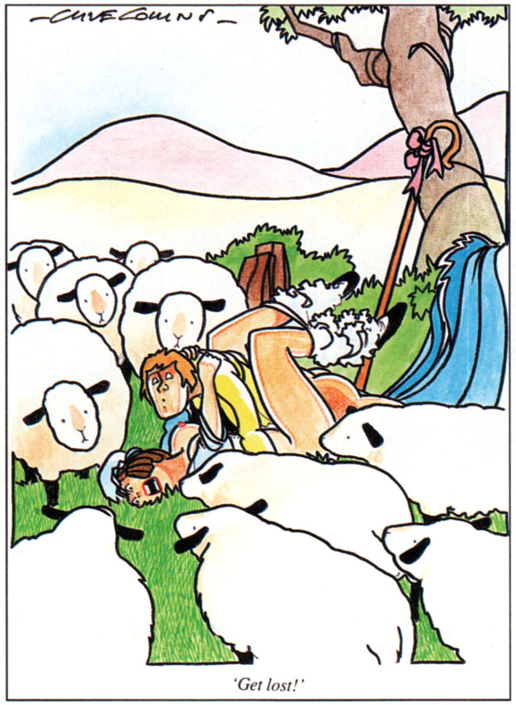
Recently one of us, whom I'll call Bill to spare his blushes, got very drunk at a party and decided to repeat the trick on me. He managed to get some matches from a late night store, rigged up a tray with an old cardboard box and appeared in my corridor at one in the morning. Undressing in the bathroom at the end, he knocked on my door, waited for it to open and went into his routine.

He was obviously even more pissed out of his head than usual because it took a good twenty seconds to dawn on him that he wasn't talking to me but my 20-year-old cousin Susan (name changed), who was borrowing my bed for a stopover in Birmingham while I attended an all-night party in Manchester.

Being a quick-thinking girl (as well as quite attractive) she promptly picked up one of Bill's match boxes, struck a match, dropped it onto his tray and slammed the door.

As a result half the corridor was woken up by the shrieks of a naked drunk apparently dancing up and down with a portable firework display. But all turned out well. Bill and Susan are now going out with each other, and Bill's eyebrows have grown back even bushier than they were before.

ES, TL, MN and BR, Birmingham



'Get lost!'

Tourist attraction

I was in England last month for a vacation, and I was awed by the beauty of the ladies in England. *Mayfair* shows beautiful English ladies, but when one is there in person you can really appreciate them.

I will return to England again for another vacation, and also to appreciate the natural beauty and sexiness of your girls. Thanks to England for having best bitter, Page Three and the most beautiful girls in the world.

DM, Canada

Riding Deux Chevaux

Your feature on the 2CV in Vol 25 No 9 brought back many happy memories of a girl I knew who had one of these peculiar cars. It was an early model — two-tone grey and rust — and rather cramped in the back for the sort of behaviour I had in mind when I met her. However as your motoring correspondent pointed out, it had one great advantage over the Mini and various small Fiats, namely, the front seats could be taken out.

The result of this early discovery was that Jane and I used to drive up onto Cannock Chase, late at night (being careful not to run over equally amorous but less mobile couples on the grass), find a quiet spot and perform feats which even the most optimistic 2CV designer probably imagined impossible. To put it bluntly — it is possible to bonk in a 2CV.

As well as the removable seats, sex in a 2CV is greatly assisted by the gear stick being mounted on the dashboard. This gives you more room to move about during the bouts of sexual ecstacy. The rear seat acts as a sort of pillow-*cum*-headboard, and the carpet (admittedly an extra bought by my girlfriend) made a very comfortable bed. The 2CV's greatest asset to in-car sexual entertainment though is its phenomenal suspension.

As any driver will tell you, the cheap Citroëns such as the Ami and 2CV have a tendency to roll round corners, leaning at astonishing angles. Imagine the advantages this provides for the in-car bonker. The springs make the 2CV a veritable water bed in comparison to some cars.

It rocks from side to side with your momentum, and the slope provided by the greater clearance of the rear wheels makes for a very comfortable position. Moreover, with the roof open, you have no problem of the steamy fug created in more modern cars. So mock the 2CV if you like but I know from experience that it is one of the most sexually-friendly cars available.

DS, Walsall

Tula-lah!

Oh God, I think I'm turning gay! I've just fallen in love with Barry Cossey. At least, that was what he used to be called. As you well know, he is now better known as the delightfully feminine model Tula. And I admit it, I really fancy him . . . er . . . her . . . whatever.

Like a few others, I imagine, I bought the last issue of *Mayfair* out of curiosity. Just how has medical science progressed in the field of transplants, plastic and spare part surgery I wondered. In short, could it turn out a realistic woman? The answer is an unreserved yes. Okay, so her boobs stay upright when she lies down, like many implants, but that is all. What most worries me about my sexuality is that I really like her bum — and this part presumably remains unchanged from her male days. It makes you wonder if many men presented with just a shapely bottom in tight jeans would be able to correctly guess its sex.

How old fashioned of her husband's parents to object to Tula's male past. Prejudice like that helps nobody. Except possibly me. If you want to try again, Tula, I promise I don't give a damn whether you were Barry first or not. I'll even change my name to Fiona if it helps.

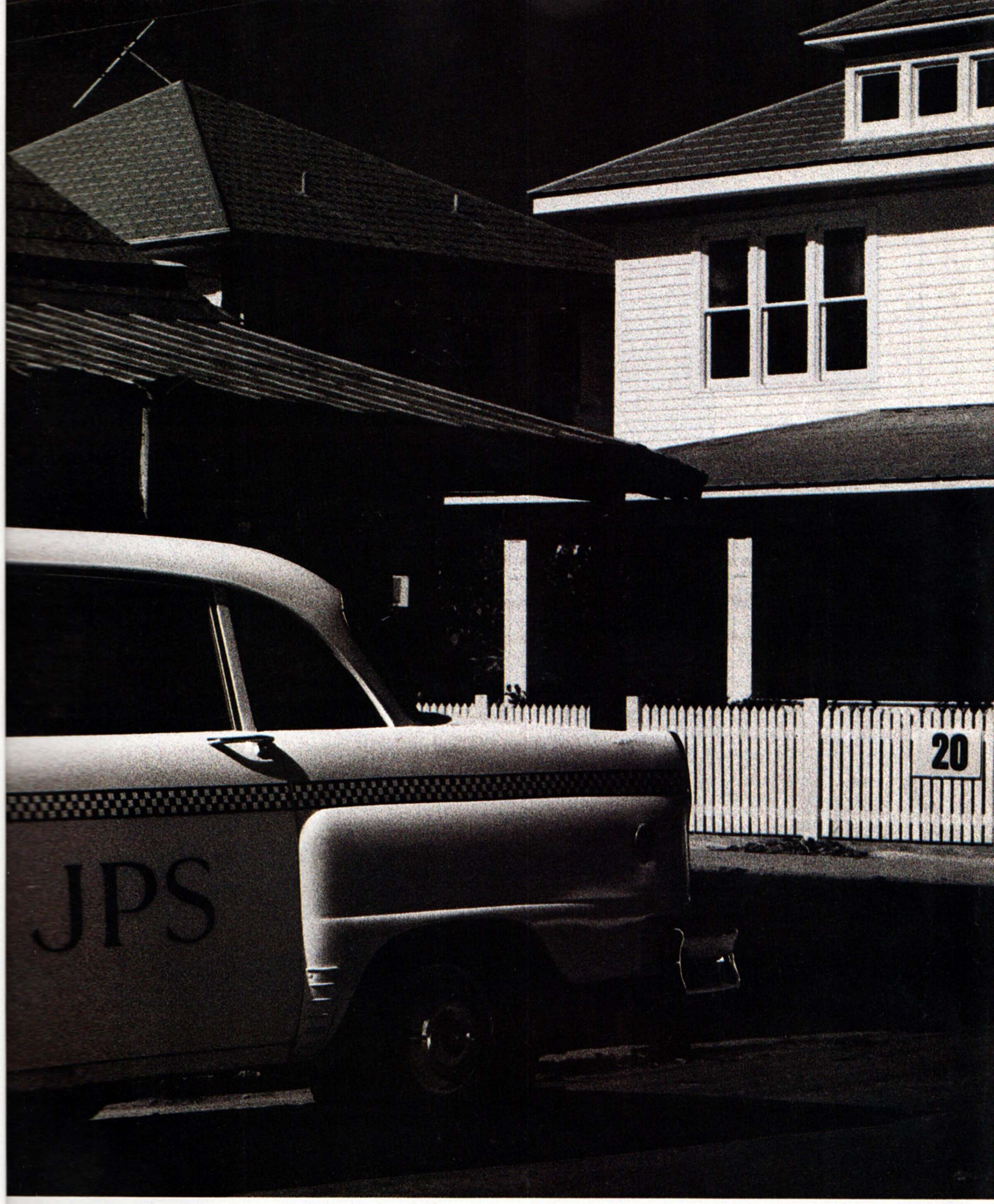
JP, Nottingham

Hit parade

My very hard autumn holiday task at present is going through my *Mayfair* collection trying to decide on my favourite girls of the year so far.

Whilst admiring once again the varied but always beautiful female

turn to page 8



MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
STOPPING SMOKING REDUCES THE RISK OF SERIOUS DISEASES
Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

do — writhing, nakedly and enthusiastically together in the final five minutes.

From the creator of *9½ Weeks*, this is stylish, only moderately silly soft porn, designed as much for female as male consumption. Meanwhile, all the silliness in **Tremors** (15) is entirely intentional, and as superbly successful as its thrills.

What bizarre killer is slaughtering the inhabitants — few enough to start with — of the remote, Nevada desert town of Perfection?

Two wisecracking handymen (Fred Ward and Kevin Bacon) unite with a visiting seismology student (unexplained stirrings in the local earth), a survivalist couple with enough firepower to take on Russia, and numerous other well-realised characters to beat the 'graboids' responsible. These, it first appears, are foul-smelling, fanged tentacles rising from the desert sand to grab and rend their prey. But there's much much more to them than that.

A small gem of a movie, well scripted, acted and directed, and with the most convincing, and truly startling monster since *Alien*.

Video choice:

Recently released videos with a high erotic content

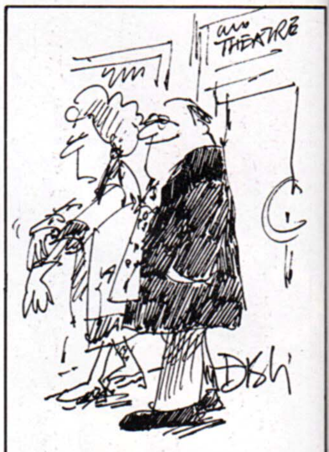
One way of **Stealing Heaven** (15) is to enjoy a passionate affair, but when you happen to be a famous 12th century scholar and cleric, vowed to celibacy, this can have painful consequences. It's bad enough when Abelard (Derek De Lint) is tricked by his students into spending the night with a naked prostitute. But when he meets young Heloise (ravishing Kim Thomson from TV's *Brush Strokes*), as bright as she's beautiful, his resolution understandably cracks. Soon Heloise is massaging her naked body by firelight in aphrodisiac infusions, and Abelard is nudely, and very explicitly, breaching her virginity under her wealthy guardian's roof. When the guardian (Denholm Elliott) — who has previously hired Abelard as his ward's tutor — finds out, he promptly has the randy scholar castrated, which is enough to cast a pall over any romance. In fact, it continues till the partners' deaths. A true story told powerfully and graphically, though it glosses over the fact that the real life Abelard was 35 when he first bedded the 14-year-old Heloise.

He might have hung onto his manhood a little longer if he'd been an aficianado of **WSM (Wetlook, Slapstick and Mudlarks) TV** (18). If your idea of the perfect climax to a romantic evening is to tip the dessert over your date's head — or possibly soak her to the skin in the nearest shower — this is for you. Five busty ladies wrestle toplessly in mud, daub one another in baked beans, custard and chocolate sauce, and prance, with some reluctance, in ice-cold Lakeland streams, wearing dresses that become instantly see-through — all presented, both wittily and with a genuine sense of fun, in terms of a spoof TV station. Currently available by mail order from PO Box 517, London SE23 3UY, so write to them for information.

Every night **The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover** (18) gather to dine at the expensive La Hollondaise restaurant. The Thief — brutal, bullying gangster Albert Spica (Michael Gambon) — routinely insults the French cook (Richard Bohringer), other customers, and his glamorous, long-suffering wife Georgina (Helen Mirren). No wonder, then, that her attention strays to shy, bookish fellow diner Michael (Alan Howard).

Soon both are sneaking off to strip and make love — initially without a word being spoken — in the ladies loo, then — with the aid of the sympathetic cook — in the restaurant's pantry, where their nude cavorting goes unremarked by the staff wandering in and out.

From the maker of *The Draughtsman's Contract*, this is as stylish to look at, and as odd, but its considerable nudity is matched by bursts of extreme violence.



'Your discernment of a sexual vibrancy in the second half, Charles, was possibly due to your consumption of four large gins in the interval . .'

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406	Drug problems?
409	How to stop smoking
410	Getting to like your body
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413	How to lose weight
416	Afraid of being watched or criticised?
418	Anxiety and tension
419	Overcoming loneliness
420	Sleeping problems
721	Overcoming nightmares
421	Coping with depression
422	Gaining self-confidence
428	The reality of prostitution
429	Standing up for yourself
430	I fancy someone — what do I do?
431	We just keep arguing
433	He keeps putting me down
434	Sexual jealousy
435	Violence in the home
438	Coping with exams
491	Telling someone that a relative has died
440	My child won't go to school
441	My child won't sleep
439	Bed-wetting
432	Being unfaithful
443	Temper tantrums
445	I feel like hitting my baby

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478	Being interviewed
479	Coping with my first job
480	Getting on with workmates
481	Am I in the right job?

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719	All about men's testicles
720	Does size matter? (for men)
737	What happens when a woman is sexually aroused
447	Guided tour of female genitals and the G-spot
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711	Am I lesbian?
449	Losing your virginity (women)
712	Losing your virginity (men)
452	Avoiding pregnancy
454	Sex during pregnancy
455	Masturbation (for men)
456	Masturbation (for women)
457	Enjoying sexual fantasies
458	Better lover (for men)
459	Better lover (for women)
460	Tightening your vagina
736	I get wind in my vagina
462	Premature ejaculation
463	Dealing with impotence
464	Orgasms (for women)
469	Questions about oral sex
472	Being a transvestite
700	Better orgasms (for men)
473	Fetishes (leather, rubber)
474	Stopping being a peeping tom
475	Stop myself flashing
471	AIDS and safer sex

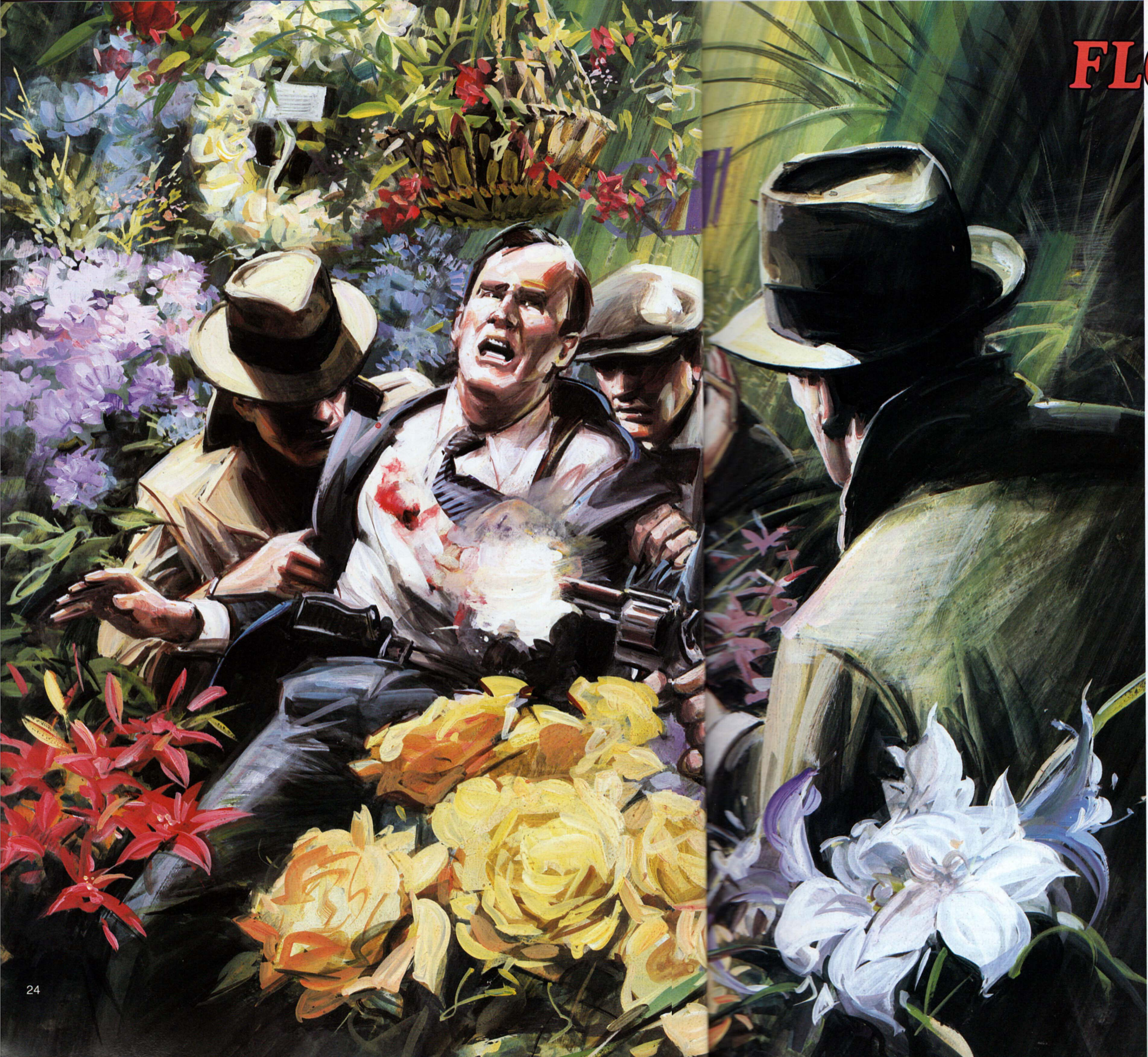

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

FLOWERS FOR THE HIT MEN

by Eric Brady

In Prohibition Chicago no gangland funeral was complete without lavish floral displays by mobster Dion O'Banion — until the day his number came up

In Al Capone's Chicago of the Roaring Twenties, all the mobsters agreed that there was no one like Dion O'Banion for knowing how to lay on a good funeral. He spent hours every day in his flower shop, looking after his stock, and making up floral arrangements for them. It was just across the road from the Holy Name Cathedral, where he'd once been an altar boy.

In life, the gang leaders were totally ruthless, and indifferent to the misery they caused by their killings, maimings and white slavery. They lived lavishly, but were often intensely religious.

In death, their relatives kept up the lavish style in the gaudiness of their funerals. They insisted on the religious rituals, with prayers, hymns, and eulogies being observed.

There was a strong feudal element in the gangs, so the underlings came to pay their respects to their overlord. The politicians joined them out of gratitude for past services in producing votes, and in the hope of future benefits.

In addition, underworld etiquette required that enemies as well as friends showed honour to a fallen fellow chief.

The funeral added a lucrative packet to O'Banion's profits from his other less legitimate activities of safe-blowing, gambling, prostitution, and (after the Volstead Act of 1920 bringing in Prohibition) bootlegging.

He wasn't only an organiser in the rackets, he was a callous killer himself, the kind of man who would gun down Davy Miller, a small-time boxing referee, simply because he got the idea that Davy had slighted him in some way. No one could remember how, not even O'Banion.

But, at the same time, he drove 150 miles to put

USA, in Minnesota State, just south of Minneapolis.

But, for those State-side, whether you want to mend a broken brake or you simply fancy a change of gear, you'll probably find your parts desire among the pillion and one other things stored in the barns and fields of Sports Wheels. For those of a more adventurous bent, you could start from scratch, building the monster bike of your dreams. Everything you need for this automotive autopsy is here; bolt it all together, and there you have it, a two-wheeled terror of Hammer Horror proportions ("The Ride of Frankenstein — No-one will ever escape i clutch!")

On a more pedestrian level, actually walki around the self-styled bespoked tailor to t motorcycling community may take you a whi — it is said be the largest breaker of Japane motorcycles in the world. Fortunately t centre's helpful staff are adept at aiding anyo in search of a little Honda stand-in to the corre spot in the multi-acre site.

Sports Wheels is situated at Jordan ne Mankato in Minnesota State, just south Minneapolis down Highway 10, US

YAMAHA
YAMAHA
YAMAHA
MX 100

Main picture: An old Yamaha amid wrecks. Inset far left: A discarded Honda in bushes. Inset left: Yamaha petrol tanks. Above left: A stock of silver engine blocks. Top right: A battered Yamaha. Right: Three Hondas preserved for spares

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON RONDELLE

Something afoot

Regular readers of the *Mayfair* letters pages will know that recently we have been inundated with requests to show more female feet in the magazine. A small group of heels and odd balls? Apparently not, because we have just heard that an organisation for foot fans has been set up so they don't feel they are the sole admirers of this bit of the body. The Foot Lovers Admiration Society (FLAS) can be contacted at PO Box 869, Stanford Le Hope, Essex, SS17 7JJ, and, by enclosing a SAE, they will send details of their organisation and newsletter. Entitled *Footsy* it contains articles, stories, illustrations and photos featuring their favourite subject. FLAS is a non-profitmaking organisation, and the very sole of discretion, so jump in with both feet.

Shooting stars

Michael Cooper may not be a name that means a great deal to you but his subjects will. Cooper, who died in 1973 aged 93, was a photographer in the sixties and captured on film the rise and demise of the Beatles, the work of The Rolling Stones and the pontifications of such hip philosophers as Allen Ginsberg. What's more, he counted them, and practically every other big name in the swinging decade, as his friends. That's how his final wish to produce **Blinds and Shutters** came true. *Blinds and Shutters* (Published by Genesis/Hedley) is more than just a collection of photos of the famous. Inside are stories from 93 different contributors — seemingly every big name from that era — amounting to some 30,000 words. A limited edition, each numbered collection also contains 10 genuine autographs from the contributors and an individual photograph unique to that copy. The 368 pages are also handbound in leather and buckram, and available from the Virgin Megastore and HMV in Oxford Street, or by mail from the publishers Genesis/Hedley, 51 Lynwood, Guildford, Surrey, GU2 5NY. The price, however, is £375, so perhaps you need to be a rock star yourself to afford it. Then again, you may not be allowed to have one if the experience of John Lennon recounted in the book is anything to go by. At the height of The Beatles fame, he was trying to get into a slick club, and was ousted by a stern doorman saying, 'Members only!' Lennon could even hear his own song being played inside, and tried telling the 'jobsworth' who he was. 'That's what they all say!' came the reply.

DIY dinosaurs

Remember those cardboard planes that slotted together and kept you happy for hours until they flew over the fence into next door's garden? So does Michael Johnson, but, unlike most of us who got fed-up with them once women came along, he now likes to design and build his own. After two successful books on fantastic paper gliders and paper planes, he has now brought out another collection of kits. This time, though, you can build your very own pterosaur. That's right, Johnson has created eight 'lifelike and accurate to scale' flying prehistoric monsters for you to assemble, throw and terrify the neighbour's cat. The kits, which come in the form of a book called **Flying Dinosaurs** (Penguin, £9.99), fly remarkably well. In fact, ours shot out of the window of the offices in Great James Street into the front porch of the solicitor's opposite. It was just like old times, and even as a grown-up, equally as embarrassing approaching the large legal secretary there and asking, 'Please, Miss, can we have our pterosaur back?' Even so, *Flying Dinosaurs* could become the executive toys for the winter.

Mayfair girls Debee Ashby and Rachel Garley, top left, keep abreast of the action during a night out at London's popular Valbonne Club. Susie Rushmore, below, shows some cheek while Patrice Foster proves the thigh's the limit.

Harley street-cred

Ask any American motorcycle fan and he'll tell you Jap is crap, and you have to ride a Harley. The Harley-Davidson motorcycle may be outdated by the hi-tech standards of Suzuki and Honda, but, as any biker knows, the Hog has more credibility in one small spoke than the Yamaha has in 1,000cc. Very costly, extremely thirsty, and about as environment-friendly as napalm, the Harley is the traditional choice of Hell's Angels, and everyone else into guzzling beer, black leather, patches, dirty denim and rude women. But if you can't afford your own — or don't want your Mum seeing you mixing with this motley crowd — then settle for **Harley-Davidson: A Celebration of The Dream** (Hamlyn £9.99). There are lots of pretty pictures of the big bad bike on the road, in the ghetto, or out in the country, with commentary by Graham Scott. However, don't expect an unbiased assessment of the various bikes on offer, and the relative merits of the all-American machine compared with Oriental or European opposition. Scott's views on the marque are summed up early on.

'They are the celebration of rebellion,' he says. 'Harley's best, fuck the rest.' If he looks like most of the men who ride them, we aren't going to argue.

A head start

Making his debut in *Mayfair* with a short story that looks set to be one of our ten best ever is author Paul Stewart, whose *Head Case* you can read on page 36. It's a tale of a disaffected teenager whose urge to be different leads him to a drunken visit to a tattooist — with horrific results.

Thirty-five-year-old Paul has had three novels published, *The Thought Domain, The Weather Witch* and *Adam's Ark*, all for Kestrel-Viking children's imprint. A fourth children's book, *The Wacky Gang*, is due out next July, and his first adult book, *Trek*, the account of an ill-fated journey across Africa in 1955, will be published by Jonathan Cape in June, 1991.

Paul honed his writing talent with an MA course in creative writing under novelist Malcolm Bradbury at the University of East Anglia — a course which has fostered such literary luminaries as Ian McEwan and Booker Prize winner Kazuo Ishiguro.

These days Brighton-based Paul divides his time between writing and teaching English as a foreign language at a Hove language school. He plans to include *Head Case* in an anthology of short stories which explore the lives and problems of teenagers.

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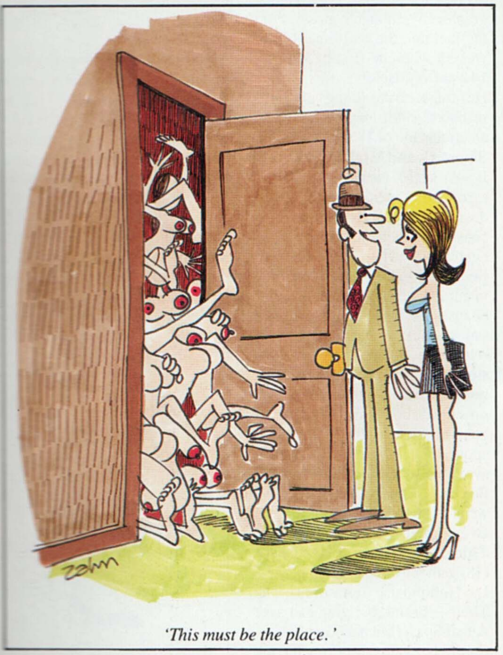


'This must be the place.'

Films

Gerald Cole

New releases:

The sexiest of the current crop of mainstream movies

What kind of life is it being a **Ghost** (15)? How do you cope with invisibility? What are your relationships with other ghosts? And then there's the problem of getting through doors. All of which has to be faced by young corporate banker Sam Wheat (Patrick Swayze) when he's shot dead by a mugger on a New York street.

Ghosts, it seems, are spirits who don't, or won't believe they're dead. When Sam finds out his death was actually a murder set up by his best friend, and his girlfriend Molly (the luscious Demi Moore) is now in danger, he decides to stay earthbound. Fortunately for the plot, he runs into a fake medium (Whoopi Goldberg), whose latent talent he unleashes. To her horror, she can hear but not see him, and, with great reluctance, is recruited to thwart the villain. It's a thoughtful and enthralling blend of high comedy, mystery thriller and genuine chiller. It also features the most erotic pot-throwing scene ever captured on film.

Is the exemplary British nanny Camilla (Jenny *Woman of Substance* Seagrove) really **The Guardian** (18) spirit of an ancient, baby-eating tree? Could she be the reincarnation of a bloodthirsty druid? Do you care once she takes her clothes off?

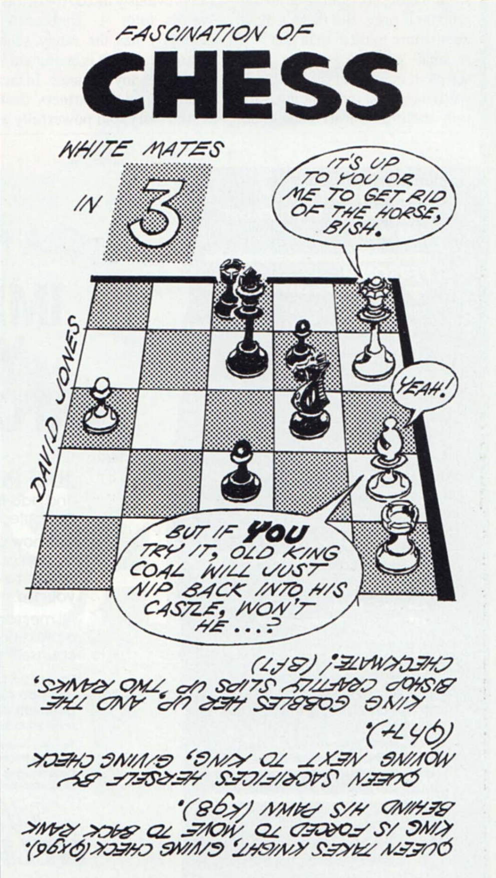
It's unfortunate for the storyline that the last question assumes prominence in William Friedkin's first excursion into horror since *The Exorcist*. Ms Seagrove is the kind of nanny hard-pressed parents dream about — marvellous with children, a superb cook, no boyfriends, and not averse to bathing naked in front of the man of the house. Her only failing is a habit of nudely sacrificing her young charges to a giant, animated oak tree in nearby woods.

Will her latest employers, Californian yuppies Dwier Brown and Carey Lowell find out in time? Impressive special effects can't disguise the daftness of the tale, but this is essential viewing for Ms Seagrove's fans.

Capital Choice — for your visit to London:

Unexpectedly viewing a frantic, up-against-the-wall coupling between a muscular stud and a dusky-skinned maiden, whose figure would earn her anyone's centrefold, quickly turns shy, retiring, gorgeous young lawyer Emily Reed (ex-model Carre Otis) into a **Wild Orchid** (18). The fact that she happens to be visiting Rio, where everyone, including her hyperactive boss, Jacqueline Bisset, is busy lambada'ing all over the place, and she's just about to meet randy, sun-burnt Mickey Rourke can only help. However, Mr Rourke, a local entrepreneur, is only able to consummate his passion by proxy — encouraging a disaffected couple to enjoy a reconciling screw in front of him on the back seat of their limousine, or persuading Emily to bed a visiting American who picks her up in her hotel.

All comes right in the end, though — or, rather, the hero and heroine


FASCINATION OF
CHESS
WHITE MATES IN 3
IT'S UP TO YOU OR ME TO GET RID OF THE HORSE, BISH.
YEAH!
BUT IF YOU TRY IT, OLD KING COAL WILL JUST NIP BACK INTO HIS CASTLE, WON'T HE ...?
DAVID JONES
QUEEN TAKES KNIGHT, GIVING CHECK (Qxg6). KING IS FORCED TO MOVE TO BACK RANK BEHIND HIS PAWN (Kg8).
QUEEN SACRIFICES HERSELF BY MOVING NEXT TO KING, GIVING CHECK (Qh7+).
KING GOBBLES HER UP, AND THE BISHOP CRAFTILY SLIPS UP TWO RANKS, CHECKMATE! (Bf7)

While searching for Kawasaki spares, veteran *Mayfair* photographer Andrew Morland stumbled, accidentally, on one of the biggest motorcycle graveyards in the world

The amazing motorbike mortuary

The concept of re-cycled cycles might make you think that environmental awareness has reached even the hardened motorbiking community. Could it be, you ask, that Hell's Angels are now proudly taking to the roads on mean, lean, green machines? This is not quite the case.

The massive motorcycle junk heap pictured here is more a testimony to inscrutable Japanese business practices rather than any green conversion. The stockpile has resulted from the rapid changes in specifications carried out by motorcycle manufacturers in Japan. With models passing so quickly out of date, spare parts are difficult to secure, and many apparently good bikes have to be discarded.

This is where Sports Wheels comes in, offering a last rusting place to any moribund moped, scrapped scooter or wrecked two wheeler in need of re-tyrement. The huge motor cycle scrapyard has proved an irresistible lure to many an exhaust fan or hooter looter in search of transplant parts for his trusty bike.

The place's reputation for offering good second hand spares at low prices has helped its business grow, but sadly for would-be British users the hub of its activities is firmly established in the

Top, left and right: Bike wheels rampant, a symbol of Sports Wheels. Facing page: Massed petrol tanks. Above middle: An unwanted Honda. Above left and right: Two of the scrap piles containing sought after spares knife, brought back from a day-trip to Boulogne. Some while later, it was Swazzy who first screwed a girl in our class (Sharon Beale, it was). And though he wasn't the first to actually sire a child — that dubious honour went to Kevin Thompson — as far as we know, the first trip to the abortion clinic was as a result of Swazzy lying about the withdrawal method.

'I just couldn't, Tel,' he explained afterwards. 'Not when the moment actually came.'

Punk happened, and, in those pre-gel days, me and Swazzy did a nice little business out of a horrible stuff we made up out of soap, vaseline and lemon juice. It did the trick. There weren't many self-respecting kids at Dunham Comp who didn't spike their hair up with Swaztel Super Slime.

Orgasm Addict, *Anarchy in the UK*: the music then was so fucking exciting. Pogoing up and down at sweaty gigs at the 100 Club. Spray your hair day-glo colours, stick a safety pin through your cheek, that kind of thing. Make them stare, and then swear at them for gawping. Swazzy carved a swastika into his arm. Not that he was a Nazi or nothing, he just liked the idea of getting up people's noses. A real larf!

Then it all started changing. The weekend punks with their spotless sponge-down vinyl trousers, and T-shirt with designer rips.

It was a Saturday afternoon, both of us were pissed (no matter what you might read in the paper about anything else, first and foremost it was always booze for us), and staggering down the Kings Road. Looking in the windows. £40 they wanted for a pair of bondage tartan strides. Did us in, that did. Everything gets taken over. So we jacked it in and became skinheads.

Looking back, I think what really pissed Swaz off was that people weren't looking at him any more. Nobody noticing him.

Well, people certainly looked after the trip to Joe the barber's if only for a second . . . any longer and they began to fear for their physical safety. We both had a swift and fairly brutal number one crop. Me first, at Swazzy's insistence, 'cause he thought I'd bottle out otherwise. He may have been right.

'Haven't done one of these for a few years,' said the barber, as Swazzy took my place in the chair.

'We're reviving a movement,' said Swazzy.

I always wished I could use words like him.

Then, using the money we'd scammed out of our supermarket jobs, we went into town, and decked ourselves out properly. Ironic really. We'd reacted against all that money being spent on clothes, and there we were, laying out over fifty quid each for steel toe-capped DMs, MAL flight jackets and a bottle of Brut aftershave.

My parents went spare of course. But there wasn't much they could do — and their over-reaction simply meant that I was down at Joe's every other week for a trim.

Nobody in the Browett household took any notice of Swazzy's shearing. And, even when he kicked a hole in the kitchen door with the new boots, his mother hardly batted an eyelid.

'I don't know where he gets it from. Certainly not from me,' she complained to her latest.

'Tossers,' Swazzy muttered and slammed out of the house.

I think it was that afternoon that I became really conscious of the difference between us. Listening to him ranting and raving, I suddenly saw he was crossing a line I never could.

He started drinking in earnest. And, what with the computing course at night school, the new insurance job I'd landed, and my budding romance with Mandy from accounts, Swazzy's increased drinking coincided with us going our separate ways. The more he drank, the less I saw of him.

It must have been nearly a year later that I bumped into him again. Or rather, he bum into me. Literally. I'd nipped into the *Feath* for a swift half before going home, and Swaz staggered drunkenly into me, as I was making the bar.

'Careful,' he'd said, and I wasn't sure whet he was talking to me or himself. Then recognised me.

I was shocked by the way he'd changed. His was still a regulation sixteenth of an inch lo whereas I'd let mine grow, but everything about him had subtly turned from boy to man. had grown to be a six-footer, and filled out way I never would.

'Weights,' he said, flexing his biceps. I noti that he'd had tattoos done on both arms. In fa as I looked closer, I saw he was covered in the There was a swallow on his neck; a drag wound round his left wrist and up the forear On the other forearm was a skull with sna coiling round the vacant eye sockets, wh peeking from his vest were the tips of a giant and blue eagle's wings.

We sat down, and chatted about what the pai us had been doing since we'd last met. He did seem particularly interested in me, though fact, he didn't seem to be able to concentrate much at all. Just sat there clenching a unclenching his L.O.V.E. and H.A.T.E. fis and looking round the pub with a look of su contempt that it made me feel really uneasy. was drinking two beers and a large whisky to one pint.

'So what about you?' I said.

'Me,' he said flatly.

'You still at home?'

'Digs,' he said, looking over at a couple play darts.

'Near here?' I said, beginning to tire of his o word replies.

He ignored me, and got up for another beer a chaser.

'Get these down your neck, for fuck's sake,' said, and plonked two glasses down in front me.

'Cheers,' I said, and knocked the whisky bac

'S'a bit more like it,' he said, and grinned.

The evening started to go a bit better after th The place he was living sounded a dump, bu was cheap and, most importantly, it was home. With a combination of the dole, wrestli all-comers down some club, and the o labouring job, he was earning a good three tim more than me. Each time he went up to the b he peeled another tenner off the fat wad he k folded in his back pocket. Yet I didn't envy h a penny.

Round about nine o'clock they refused to ser Swaz any more. 'He's been in here sin opening.' said the landlord looking at me alm apologetically.

'Come on then,' Swaz said, as we clumped o 'Curry time.'

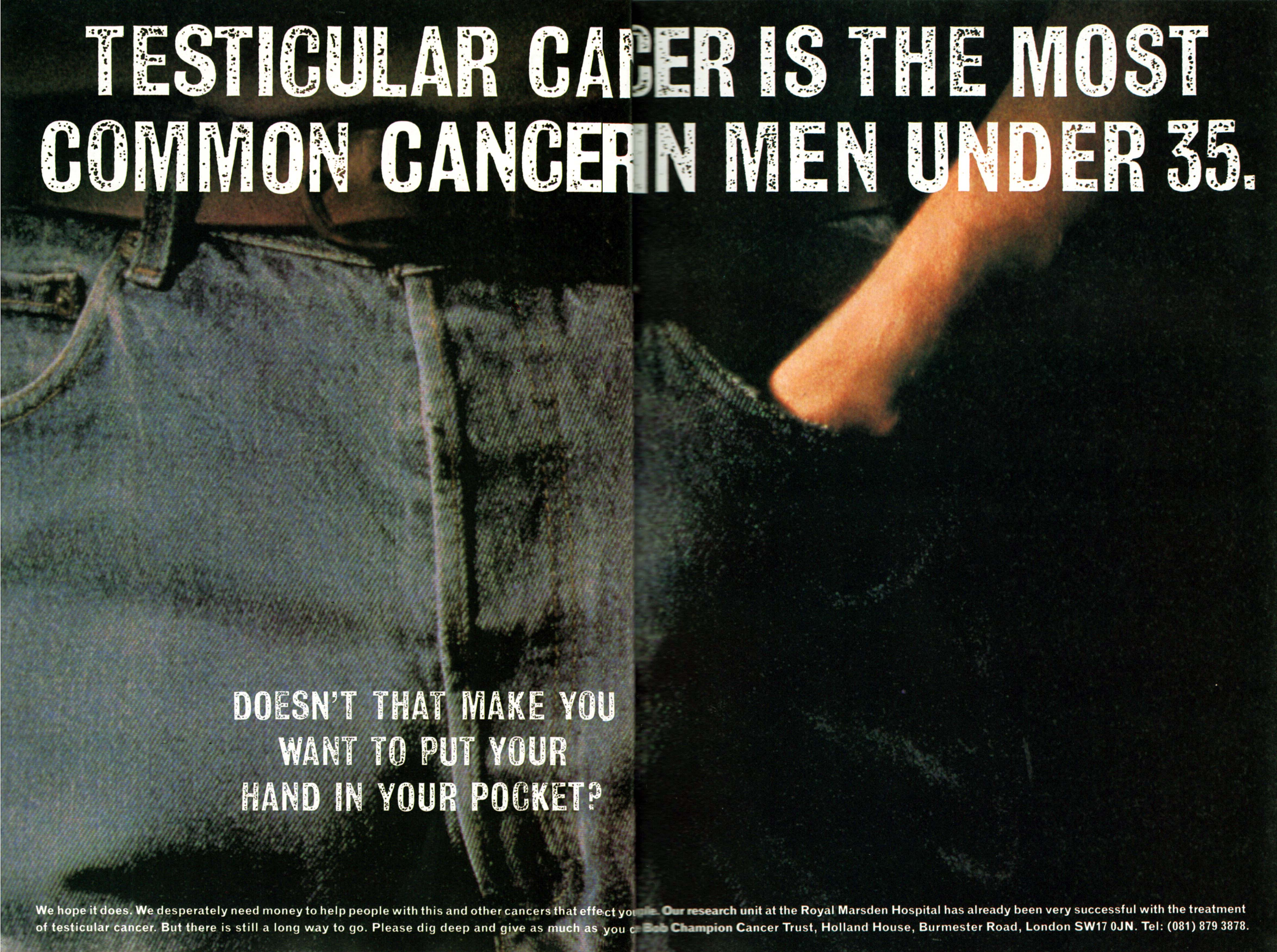
I thought the Indians running the *Star of Ben* would be nervous at the sight of the massi pissed skinhead stomping into the restaurant, he must have been a regular there, and it was 'How's it going, Swaz?' from the moment entered. The beers came automatically.

I was practically legless by the time we left, Swaz was still raring to go.

'There's this club,' I heard him saying. And far out of it to object, I stumbled along besi him.

'This is where I wrestle,' he announced, getti the drinks in. 'Fifty quid for a Sunday evenin

turn to page



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Dion O'Banion, ruthless mobster and florist

Big Jim Colosimo, Chicago's first Prohibition gang head

'Scarface' Al Capone

Johnny Torrio, Big Jim's killer and heir

flowers on his mother's grave one Memorial Day. He made sure his father was well provided for, and he would often go to the slum areas of Chicago, his car loaded with food and clothes for the poor. He himself always dressed with style, and wore a lily-of-the-valley in his buttonhole.

It was perhaps because he was a gang leader himself that he became the automatic choice for supplying the flowers and wreaths for gangland funerals, especially those of the gang leaders themselves.

The tradition, like many others in gangland life, began with the life and death of Big Jim Colosimo, the first of the gang leaders to be eliminated in a style that also became traditional — a hail of bullets.

Big Jim had built up a chain of casinos and brothels, that catered for all types. They made his fortune. But his pride and joy was Colosimo's Cafe, a plush restaurant, where top gangsters and show celebrities, like Al Jolson and Sophie Tucker, rubbed shoulders.

He was introduced to Dale Winters, a beautiful 19-year-old with an excellent voice. She was the soloist in a Methodist church, but wanted to become an opera singer. Colosimo gave her a job to add class to his Cafe, but then became captivated by her voice, beauty and style. She fell in love with his good looks and Italian ways.

To spend all his time with her, Big Jim turned over the running of all his projects to his nephew and lieutenant, Johnny Torrio. He finally divorced his wife to marry Dale.

With Prohibition about to start, Torrio tried to get all the other gang leaders to share out the territory rather than fight over it. But that was going to take Big Jim's clout; Torrio wasn't big enough. Colosimo wasn't interested, and turned down the plan.

So Torrio organised Colosimo's killing, just as he had organised killings for him. He was shot down in the hallway of his Cafe.

He was buried in a casket of bronze, with lavish floral tributes. Two of the biggest were marked, 'From Al' and 'From Johnny'. All the flowers came from O'Banion's shop.

In Big Jim's funeral procession of over 6,000 people were police and politicians, City officials and mobsters, friends and enemies. Leading them all were Al Capone and Johnny Torrio.

Having got rid of Big Jim, Torrio succeeded in organising the gangs into the Syndicate, with each gang having its agreed territory for bootlegging, gambling and prostitution. It was better than fighting over territory. It would make the police and politicians easier to buy with quiet streets, and, at the same time, it would keep the reformers off the mobsters' backs.

And it worked. Mostly. There was the odd dispute that will arise from time to time between keen businessmen, of course. Except that these businessmen tended to settle such disputes with guns, bombs and mayhem.

Then, in 1924, the streets were less quiet.

In the March elections of that year, Mayor Dever, who was already in the pay of mobsters, was opposed by a faction supporting his rival, Klenha. They approached Torrio for his help to make sure the election went their way. In return, they promised that the Syndicate would have immunity from arrest for all criminal activities — except brothel-keeping. Presumably they wanted to keep some image of respectability.

Torrio put his chief lieutenant onto the job. It was Al Capone.

Capone had climbed the ladder of mobster success rapidly since 1919, when Big Jim Colosimo had brought him from New York. Later, he was to take over from Torrio himself.

He got the Klenhas their landslide victory by threats, beatings, kidnappings, bombings and murder, but he did not have it all his own way.

On election night, Al Capone, his brother Frank and their cousin Charlie Fischetti were standing outside a voting station with guns in their hands, both to encourage citizens to vote the right way, and to discourage other mobsters from bringing their own voting boxes stuffed with votes for their man, to switch with those inside.

A carload of Cook County police (who had parallel responsibilities to the local police) roared up. The mobsters and police tended to use the same kind of powerful cars, so it's quite possible that Frank made a genuine mistake. But perhaps not.

He whirled round to fire at them, but his gun jammed. The police shotguns didn't, and he was killed instantly.

Al Capone ran. He got away, but Charlie was arrested.

As soon as news of Frank's death reached him, Dion O'Banion rang his wholesaler. He knew masses of flowers would be wanted, possibly more than for Big Jim's funeral four years before, because of the way gangland had developed.

He was right. There were so many ordered that they overflowed the Capone's house, and had to be hung out in the garden, and on lamp-posts. There was a heart of red carnations six feet high, with a broad ribbon embroidered with, 'From the Boys of Chicago Heights'. And 'The Boys of Hammond' sent a huge lyre of lilies and orchids.

Not so many politicians turned up for the funeral procession, but the mobsters were there in force. Al Capone would have shown his displeasure if they had not been.

Six months later, O'Banion was busy again. Mike Merlo the Chicago President of the Unione Sicilano (an organisation not unlike the Mafia) had died of cancer. That meant a bigger funeral still, because if Frank had been the brother of a Prince of Gangland, Mike Merlo was a King. Frankie Yale, the National President of the Unione Sicilano, came, not only as a mark of respect for Merlo, but to formally endorse his successor, Angelo Genna.

O'Banion was happy to have the business. But apart from Mike Merlo himself, he despised Sicilians, especially Angelo Genna. It was reciprocated in full. Even as kids, the Irish of the West Side of Chicago, and the Sicilians of the

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rench built Matra sports-cars are a rare sight on British roads but they have a istinguished racing tradition forged with aeronautical links. Sixties models like the Djet ill pack a sizable punch with engines capable of speeds of over 100 mph

WHAT'S THE MATRA?

Motoring with William Boddy Photographed by Andrew Morland

In Britain, the Matra can be classed as a rare motor-car indeed. Yet in the way in which motoring history has a habit of repeating itself, and remembering that British Aerospace now own Rover, there is a link with more mainstream motors. The French make of Matra is the product of a company who primarily make armaments and aerospace hardware.

There is nothing new in the association of the aircraft and allied industries with motor-cars. Years ago, Vickers-Armstrong built the respectable British Wolseleys, and since then there have been other air-to-ground couplets of this kind — Bristol and Rolls-Royce being good examples. But to all but enthusiasts, the Matra, which is not quoted for sale on the home market, counts as a little-known but exciting entity. Racing followers will be more conversant with the name. It began when the SA Engins Matra was founded in 1941. After the war, in 1964, they decided to add motors to their repertoire. This they did by acquiring the little French firm

Main picture, and two pictures top left: Three contrasting views of a red Matra Murena. The car is fitted with a 4-cylinder, 2.2 litre Chrysler engine. Inset, and bottom right: A rear and front view of a silver Matra Bagheera Simca which has a 1400cc engine. Above, an interior view of the car showing its dashboard and beige seats.

My mate Swazzy, smashed out of his mind, collapsed into the tattooist's chair. Tad rubbed his hands. 'I've got an idea I've always wanted to try,' he said. 'It's something special. You'll never see another one like it. Anywhere…'

HEAD CASE

Fiction by Paul Stewart

Swazzy Browett was my best mate when I was sixteen. We'd known each other since we were seven or so. Mum and Dad always reckoned he was a bad influence on me, but they were wrong. I think I always knew that Swaz would go that one step too far.

It's funny looking back. You don't remember everything, do you? Just a whole series of incidents, like looking through a photo album. I can still remember trying to copy the way he said his r's. It wasn't exactly a 'w', but it wasn't quite rolled enough, and he'd kind of snarl to compensate when he said anything like railway, or transistor radio. I found out later my mum was all for taking me to a speech therapist when she saw me screwing up my nose in an effort to emulate my new best friend.

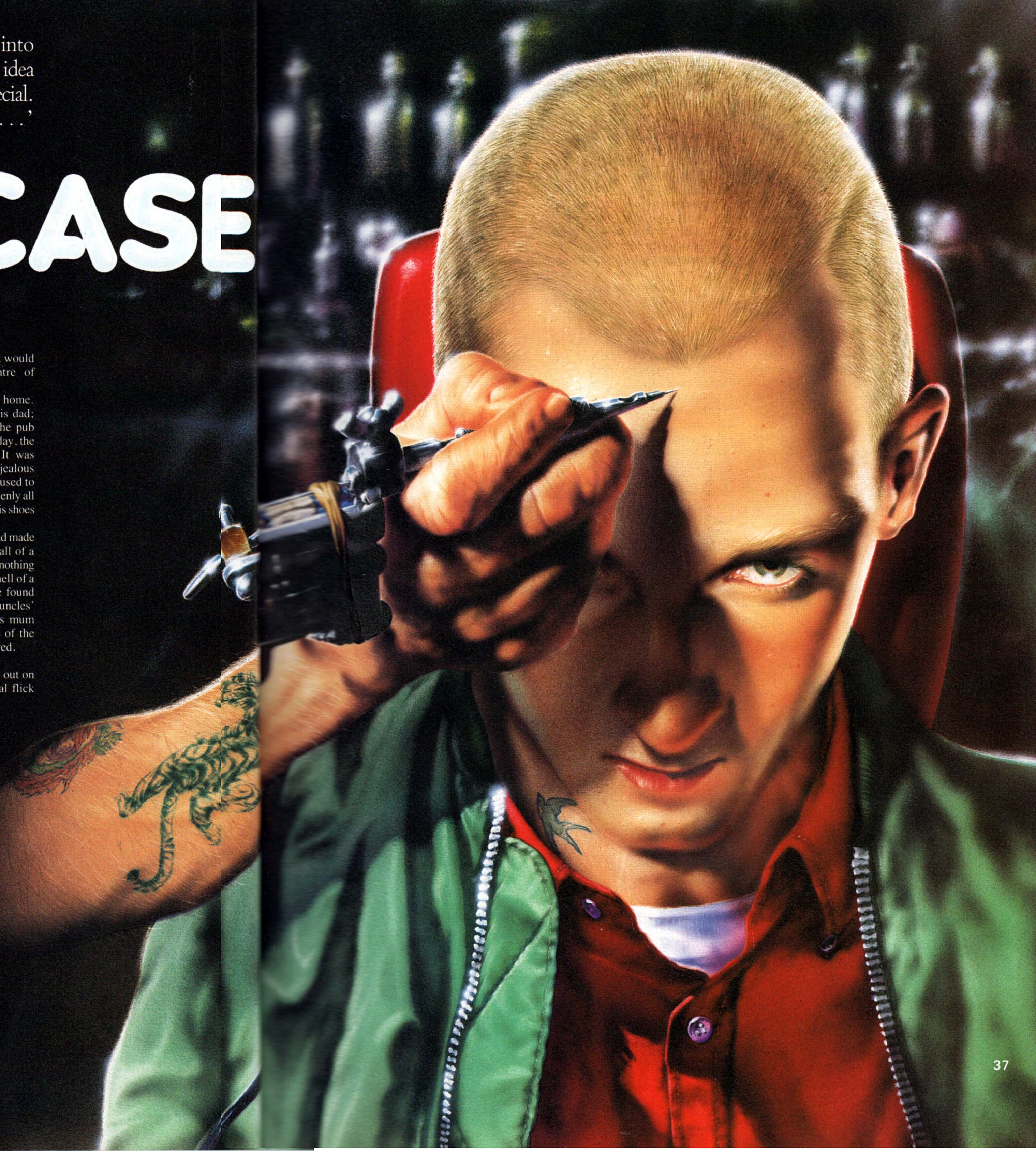
Swaz was really bright, but he'd get fed up too quickly, miss weeks of school, get left behind. Me, I was never what you'd call an academic. Bored shitless most of the time. But it was a different sort of being bored, I've got to admit I wasn't interested, 'cause it was too much like hard work: for Swazzy it was all a piece of piss. Nothing at school could hold his attention for any length of time, with the result that Swaz would make sure he himself was the centre of everybody else's attention.

This was certainly no longer the case at home. He'd always got on really well with his dad; fishing, football, Friday evenings in the pub garden. Then, just after his seventh birthday, the man had suddenly upped and gone. It was strange: when we first met, I was really jealous of him and all the things he and his dad used to do, and then six months later, he was suddenly all on his own, and I wouldn't have been in his shoes for anything.

Most of the time you couldn't tell that it had made any difference to him at all. But then, all of a sudden, he'd just go totally apeshit about nothing at all, and you realized that there was a hell of a lot bubbling just under the surface. He found himself with a whole succession of 'uncles' staying for a couple of nights, and his mum would just give him money to get out of the house. In short, his home had disappeared.

He made up for this loss elsewhere.

Swazzy was the first in the year to pass out on Evo-stik, and the first to own an illegal flick



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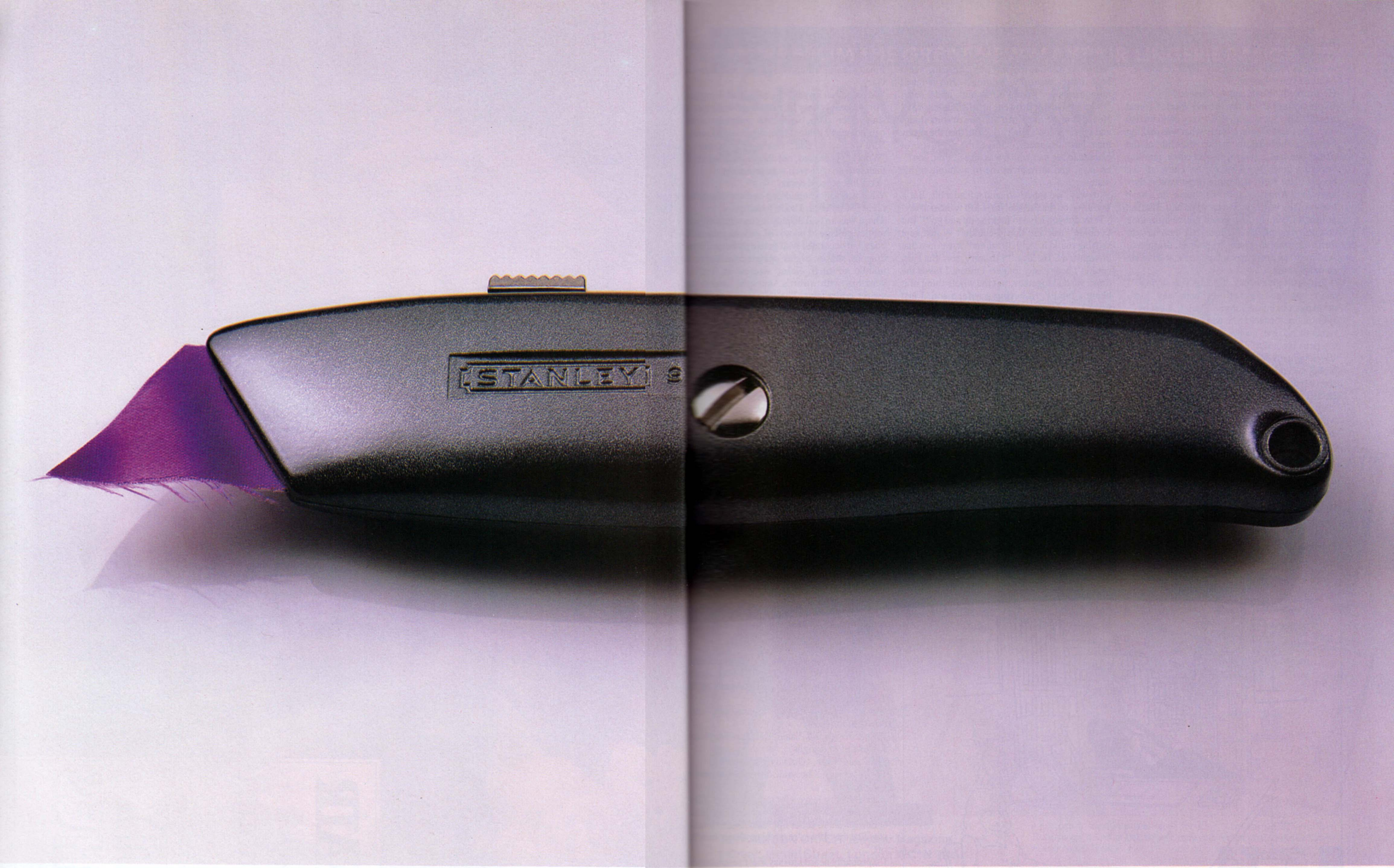
derived from a 1.7-litre Taunus Ford en Not long into 1965, Matra Sport set Villacoublay a competition depart (repetitive history again, for did not Wol Motors, controlled by Vickers, open a r depot at Brooklands in 1920/21). This wa foundation of the Matra racing cars. The was the Ford Cosworth-powered F3 si seater. The French driver Beltoise won a r the International 12-hour race meeting at R in 1965 in one of these. The Djet was devel via the Matra Sport model-610, and they Jackie Stewart testing cars on behalf of Ty From all this came the Ford-engined F3 an cars, which Stewart and Ickx drove effect for the Tyrrell F2 undertaking. The Matra was another line of development, a space-f sports coupé for Group 6 racing, with a 2 BRM power-pack. A lightened edition, the 620 was tried, using the BRM vee-eight-cyl engine. In one of these a 4.7-litre Ford V8 p unit was installed. They were driven in the l French races by Pescarolo and Servoz-Ga Matra later moved into the Forumla limelight. By the close of the 1967 season, cars had the distinction of being entirely M built, using the company's own 3-litre M V12 engine. This was an exciting complicated piece of work, with four overh camshafts operating the 48 valves. A grant, to be of six-million francs from the Fr Government made this work possible. engine was also used in the Matra MS11 G Prix cars and the Type 630 coupés. Geo Martin had engineered the engine, while Be Boyer did the chassis.

Progressive developments led to the Matra Types 630, 640 and 650 sports-racing which ran at Le Mans and other long-dist races. It's now history that Stewart drov Tyrrell Matras to win the 1969 Formula World Championship. After this triumph, M merged with the Simca concern, and aband such high-level racing pursuits in orde concentrate on their road-going Type Nevertheless Matra-Simcas continued to ap in the leading sports-car races with Jack Brab joining in a rather forlorn contest agains Porsche and Ferrari domination.

Meanwhile at the factory at Romorantin, Lo Cher where the production models were b the Djet had already been dropped a year be the Matra-Simca link-up.

It was replaced by the somewhat ugly engined 630 coupé with the 85 bhp Ford engine, and later by the Ford-of-Cologne's twin-carburetter V4. The Simca influence, of the American Chrysler interests, resulted change of policy. From the factory in the S et-Oise area of France came the Bagheera, a coupé powered by a Simca engine of 129 mounted transversely in the boot to save sp This engine developed 94 bhp, and the Bagh was ready to be released by 1974. It had round independent springing, and was follo by a more powerful version of 1400 cc.

This latter engine was actually an option, of from 1976. The Murena came out in 198 which time Matra had been absorbed yet ag this time by Automobiles Talbot. It was Bagheera replacement, with a five-s gearbox and front disc brakes. Unitary steel construction kissed goodbye to fibreglass. the Simca-base 1.6-litre engine could be repl by a 110 bhp, 2.2-litre Chrysler-type power if preferred. It was to the the last m produced.



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Health Departme Medical Officers

Head Case

continued from page 38

as long as I keep winning my fights of course.'

'And do you?' I asked.

He smirked. 'Yeah, natch! Cheers!'

By this time I'd got my second wind. I found myself really lucid, and, as Swazzy continued to open up, I understood exactly what was making him tick. The local, the Indian, the club, all the places we had gone to, had become familiar watering holes for Swazzy: he knew all the people there well, and more importantly, they knew him. And the tattoos? Of course, he'd have tattoos: they were like the cropped hair, like the polished DMs. People would notice him, they couldn't help but look at him. But then have to turn away: embarrassed, frightened, disgusted. And from my drunken vantage point, it all made so much sense.

'I just don't give a toss, Tel,' he was saying. 'I can't see me shacked up with any bird, permanent like, and jobs . . . fuck it, I get by.'

I almost had the feeling he was talking to himself, rather than to me. I was just the excuse he needed to open up a little.

'Fucking mother's finally hitched up with some bloke,' he added. 'Graham, he's called. Haven't seen her for ages.'

He fell silent again.

'Tell you who I did see, though,' he said after a while. 'This afternoon, to be exact. Been quite a day for meeting up with old acquaintances — guess who it was.'

'Sharon Beale?' I suggested. 'Davy Myers?'

'No, no one from school,' he said.

'Oh, I don't know,' I said, suddenly very weary.

'Me old man,' he said.

'What, your dad?'

'Well, I'd hardly be talking about my husband, would I?' he said.

It was all a bit much to take in. But apparently, they'd both been in the same pub, quite by chance, and Swaz had recognised him at once. 'He looks just like me, anyway,' he said, ''cept he's more naturally balding.' He laughed humourlessly. 'I went up to him, and I says, ''You are Danny Browett, and I claim my £5!'' He looks at me like I'm a Martian or something, and says, ''I don't think . . .'' But then the penny must have dropped. ''Gary,'' he says, sort of pleased to see me, which was nice. ''Pint, son?'' he says, and introduces me to a couple of his mates.

'Anyway, we sat down, and talked a bit. But it was all so on the surface, and I just wanted to say, ''Why did you have to fucking up and go?'' But I couldn't ask him that. I couldn't — just kept skirting round it. And, in the end, it was him that brought it up. He says, ''I'm sorry, son. But I just couldn't bear it any longer. I mean, I loved the times we had together, but the whole thing of it being a family, of having a wife, a son. I just wasn't up to it. I never could have been. I . . .''

''Then why did you have me, then?'' I said. He just shrugged. And, just kind of looking at him there, I saw myself, and I knew that I was going to be exactly the same. And it didn't matter that he'd gone all those years ago, 'cause he'd been there just long enough to have an effect on me forever.'

He went silent again.

'So what did you do?' I asked.

'I wanted to give him a big hug, and say it didn't matter. To say I understood. But . . . I couldn't. I didn't want to understand . . . I hit him. Knocked him out cold and left.'

We were walking so slowly now that we'd almost come to a standstill. I looked over at Swazzy. His fists were clenched, and his mouth was fixed. But his eyes were all watery.

He looked at me and snorted.

'Bastard,' he said. 'He was never worth it. I wish I had never met him again in that

All my clever little phrases had abandoned

Finally I said. 'I didn't know your real nam

Gary.'

'I'd forgotten myself,' he said, and shrug

For the past twenty minutes we'd been pa

shop after shop, with their windows s

behind heavy grilles. It was that sort of ar

'Ere we go,' he said. 'Our last port of call

'What is it?' I asked, not able to get down t

than two images even with squinting.

'You'll see,' said Swaz.

What was anywhere doing open at this ti

night I wondered. I soon found out.

There was no real display in the window:

motley collage of photos of various parts

body, all decorated with garish pictures. T

dragons, snakes, eagles, spiders crouching

middle of their webs, women in leat

warriors with swords, intricate whorls

swirls, entire texts. The neon light was fla

one word only: 'TATTOOING'.

'Oh, come on Swaz, mate,' I said. 'Let'

some kip in.'

He ignored me, and pushed the door. It w

locked, and I found myself in a small

which looked like a cross between a barber'

a dentist's. There was a swivel armchair o

the right, with padded red leather head, and

rests. Behind this was a stainless steel box:

like an old fashioned cash till, with loads of

capsules lined up along it. Hanging to the l

this was a syringe-like object attached to p

pipes.

'Swazzy. Good to see you, my boy,' ca

voice from behind me. I turned, and saw a

little man, with slicked back hair and ta

sideburns.

'Come on Swaz,' I repeated.

'Take a seat, son,' the man said, gesturing a

of the plastic settees. 'I think young Swazzy

wants to stay a while longer, don't you?' he

turning away from me, and rubbing his dry h

together.

'I want something really special, Tad,'

Swazzy quietly. 'It's been a big day, and I

something to remember it by. I can pay.

added, flashing his wad of tenners.

'Never doubted it,' said Tad.

'You're not even old enough,' I said, notic

sign over the mirror: 'WARNING: It Is Ag

The Law For Anyone Under The Age Of 1

To Obtain A Tattoo.'

'Bit late for that, isn't it?' Swazzy said, s

down on the chair.

'Flip through this,' said Tad, handing S

folder full of designs.

'Ta,' said Swaz. 'Got anything to drink?'

'Your wish . . .' he said, disappearing in

back room.

'Can't you just leave it for tonight,' I said. '

back tomorrow when you've sobered up

'I don't want to sober up,' said Swaz. 'I w

stay like this. If you're not happy here, then

off.'

I'd probably heard him say that to everyon

I knew since we were seven years old, but

the first time he'd ever said it to me. I should

left there and then, but somehow I just cou

pull myself out of that big, soft, comfy sofa.

anyway, Tad had come back with a bot

Teacher's and three tumblers.

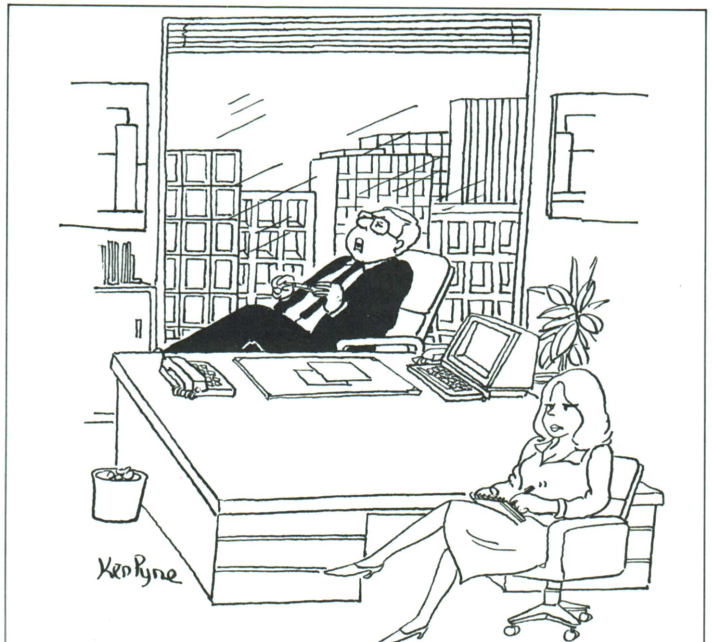
'Cheers,' said Swaz, with a big silly grin

downed the whole lot in one.

I sipped at mine, and instantly felt the alcoh

entering every corner of my body. S

turn to pa



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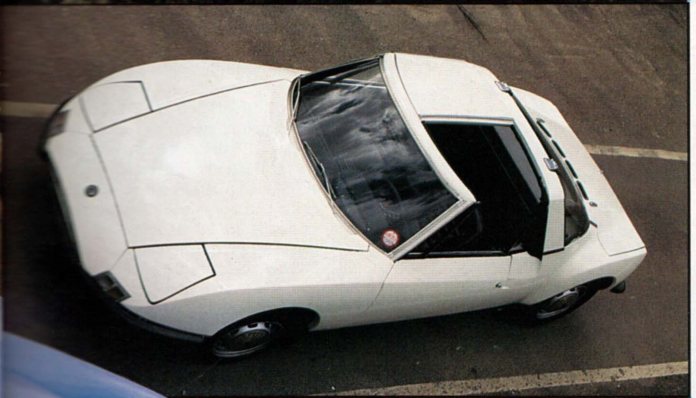
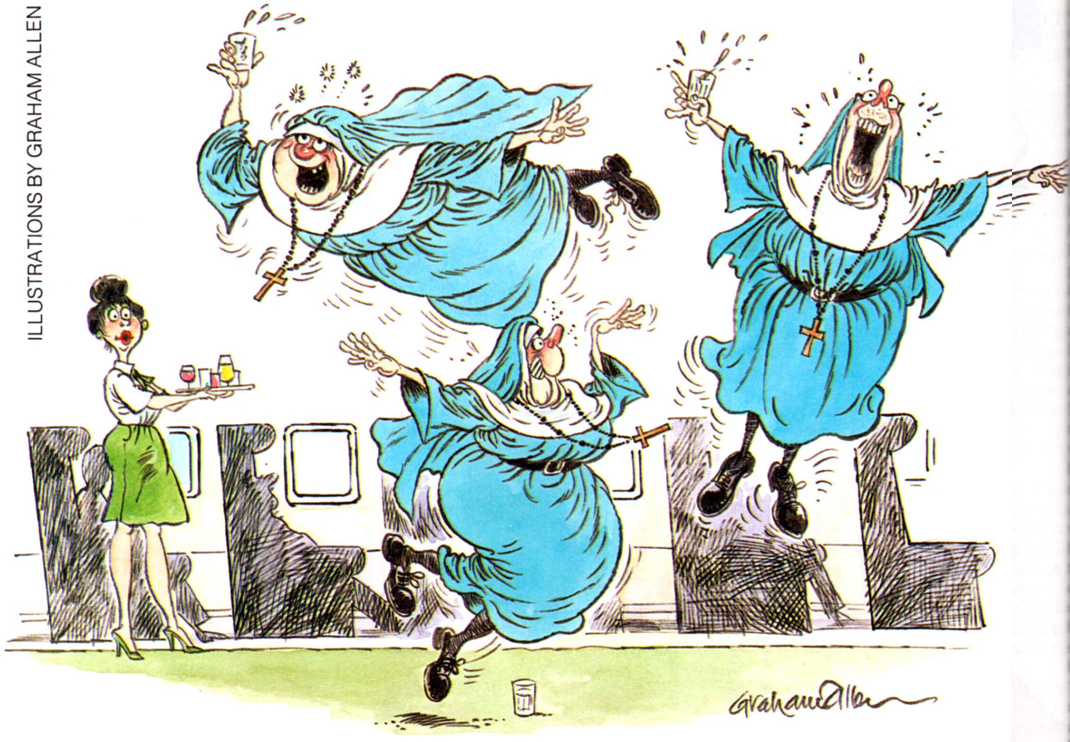
Main picture above, and two views directly below: Three differing pictures of a blue Matra Djet. This 1965 car was built with a fibre-glass body, and has a Renault 4-cylinder engine capable of 109 mph. Four pictures opposite page from top right to bottom: Various views of a white Matra 530. This sporty model comes with a V4, 1700cc Ford engine.



owned by enthusiast René Bonnet. Bonnet had gone broke making nice little sports-cars based on small Renault engines tuned for extra performance by the great and respected Gordini. The armaments company took over in 1964/65, and renamed the cars, Matra-Sport. At the time of the demise of Bonnet sports-cars, the Djet was in production in his small factory, and Matra refined this car for their own purposes. With its all-round disc brakes, and souped-up 1108 cc Renault power-unit, which poked out 70 and 94 bhp, depending on which model was ordered, it provided a basis for Matra-Sport to work on. Bonnet, like other small-scale manufacturers, had used fibreglass bodywork. For a few years Matra was content to offer faster editions of this Djet. With a hemi-head, the 1966 version was good for around 109 mph, and a year later, this was improved upon by increasing the engine size to 1250 cc, which put the power-output up to 105 bhp. At the same time there became available a 2 + 2-bodied Matra-Sport with power

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN



Some nuns' habits of asking for a spot of gin in their lemonade once led them to flying higher than their plane

The ups and downs of an airline stewardess

Anything can happen to an air stewardess — and often does. From tipsy nuns to the lady who emerged from the toilet wearing only her hat and boots. Oh yes, and stewardesses sometimes go without their knickers too

Humour with Clive Harris

Whether they are BA's 'Superwomen', Singapore girls or simply Virgin's, nobody will take more care of you in the air than the fast, efficient, narrow-bodied cutie from cabin crew. The air stewardess (the term 'hostess' is as taboo as opening the door at 30,000 feet) is the world's favourite fantasy figure. The dozen or so chosen from every thousand applicants for six weeks intensive training combine efficient service and coolness under even greater pressure than the plane, with a crisp smart uniform, and a lipstick smile that makes even the roomiest first class seat seem a little cramped. They will bring you an endless supply of food and drinks, calm your nerves, and even tuck you in at night. With service like that, is it any wonder the *Queen Mary* became a museum?

But do these paragons of patience ever crack up? Like their aircraft, very rarely, and then due to fatigue. But no thanks to us, the paying customers. It seems that as soon as our feet leave the ground, our heads are in the clouds. We drink too much, get randy, and take our clothes off for no reason. At least that's what the stewardesses I spoke to told me . . .

An air stewardess's training will teach her to handle most major problems. Ditching in the se fires in the galley, emergency landings — all ca be handled easily. About the only thing an a stewardess can't do, contrary to disaster mov myth, is fly the plane singlehanded. Trainin covers everything — except possibly her wor experience — the Hadj flight.

Hadj flights, a stewardess who now works fo British Midland told me, are arranged by vario airlines to take devout muslims on pilgrimages Mecca. This presents a number of problems. T first is a common one — many of the passenge have never flown before, and, indeed, have on a nodding acquaintance with most appurtenanc of the twentieth century. So it's the stewardess job to make them feel at home. Unfortunately t routine some passengers follow in their homes a little different from the routine the airline wou like them to follow on their plane. Pilgri passengers, for instance, have been known light fires on the floor of the plane whilst i flying. A few insist on sacrificing lambs inste of watching the in-flight movie, whilst one couple were just prevented from lighting a fire on the runway immediately below the plane's fuel intake.

More distressing is their habit of dropping dead. To a muslim there is no greater honour than to die on the way to Mecca. This means that those who don't suffocate from the smoke, are quite prepared to pass away in the course of the trip. In the words of the lady from British Midland, 'I've heard of flights that have taken out 100 and brought 50 back!'

But they are far from being the only difficult passengers. More affluent Arabs, according to her, can also prove demanding, though they tend to want only one of three things — drugs, drink and dirty books. Forget the 200 Rothmans and a Dunhill lighter, the three 'd's' were the only items one particular group of sheikhs would consider buying on a flight from Los Angeles. No amount of persuasion would convince them that these weren't commonly available on all western airlines. Apart from these, the sheikhs had only one other small requirement. All the seats in first class had to be replaced with rugs. American Jews, on the other hand, are happy with the seating, but not much else. The much harassed British Midland stewardess maintains they are not only the most demanding of customers, but the loudest. They shout their orders, and expect the polite cabin crew to shout back. One particularly awkward lady was only silenced by another even louder yiddisher mama behind her.

'For Christ's sake, will ya, shut ya god-damned mouth!' she yelled by way of constructive criticism.

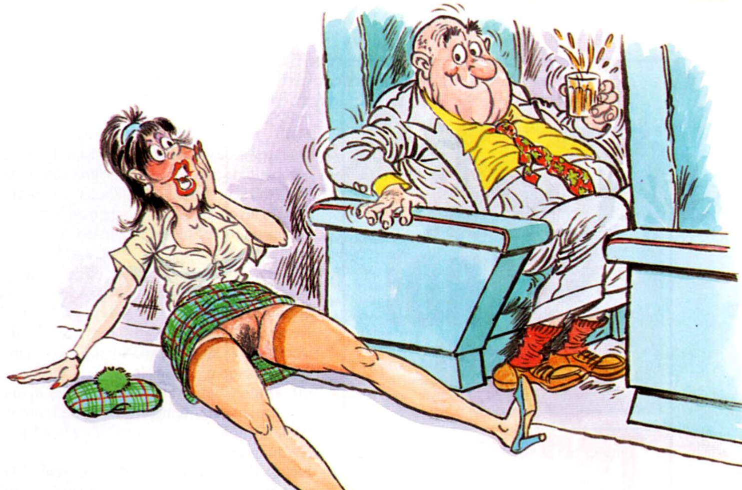
Fortunately, none of the stewardesses I met had yet to encounter Albert Pernitsch, an awkward customer of truly enormous proportions. According to *Airline World*, the 62 stone Austrian is so big that he cannot get on the plane in the usual way, but has to be lifted by loaders in a container, and pulled in feet first. Once inside, he requires no less than six seats, and, in one 14-hour flight, managed to pass the time away by eating no less than 36 airline meals. Fortunately for the plane's superstructure, he doesn't want to join the Five Mile High Club.

After muddled muslims, Jewish shouters and enormous Austrians, next on the list of stewardesses' pet hates are drunks of all nations. It's a little known fact that a pilot can not only refuse to carry you if you've got more liquid fuel on board than the plane, but also, if you're a nuisance on the journey, turn round and take you back where you came from. There you will be left in the hands of the airport authorities. This, however, is extremely rare. Mainly because it is usually those very authorities who bundled the drunks on the plane to get rid of them in the first place.

Despite this, everyone, it seems, likes a drink on the plane to relax. Even nuns. An ex-Aer Lingus stewardess told me that, on the flights from Ireland, they have nothing against the odd glass of holy spirits. Their favourite tipple is gin and lemonade — known to the Irish as gin and Whites. Naturally, in their years of abstinence, they have learned to order very discreetly.

'I'll have a glass of Whites, please,' is the usual quiet prayer, followed by a whisper, 'And you couldn't be a darling and put a drop of gin in it for me, could you?'

This seems to do the nuns no harm. However, there were a few sisters rolling in the aisles once when an inexperienced member of the cabin staff misheard them, and happily fed them glass after glass of gin and white wine. A case of *Ave-nother, Maria!*



A near riot greeted a British Caledonian stewardess who tripped in the aisle and revealed that under her tartan uniform she was knickerless

Not everyone is so lucky. Our colleen from Aer Lingus also recalls two luckless lads from Manchester who ordered a couple of pints of 'T' (a common abbreviation for Tetleys Bitter). Trouble nearly brewed when the stewardess reappeared with a pair of pint pots of steaming PG Tips. Equally down on his luck was the Irishman who demanded a pint of draught Guinness. It took the stewardess some time to explain to the man that even Guinness's pure genius couldn't provide stout on tap three miles above the Irish Sea.

Unfortunately for the stewardess, one thing that comes with all alcoholic beverages is a large dash of randiness. After several double scotches, every man seems to think he is a great mixer, only to wind up a bitter lemon. Prime target is the female cabin crew as, viewed through an alcoholic haze, their carefully trained civility seems like some kind of abiding affection. Incidents of this are too numerous to mention, but one British Caledonian plane must win the award for the largest outbreak of massed randiness.

In the old days when B-Cal was a separate entity, the stewardesses used to have to wear a tartan uniform made entirely of wool. It was very smart, with its silver buttons and plaid pattern, but also extremely hot, especially on long flights to steamy climes. So one ex-Caledonian Girl told me, as the skirt was discreetly long, many of the girls took to wearing no knickers, in an attempt to keep cool. It was a secret shared only by the stewardesses themselves, — and every passenger on a certain flight out of Accra.

The plane was just taking off, complete with an all-female cabin crew, who had taken theirs off earlier. Then, unfortunately, the plane lurched dramatically. The result? One hapless, knickerless stewardess fell down the aisle, her skirt riding up to reveal her private cockpit. The reception was even warmer than the uniform. From then on, every time she was summoned, the drunken, randy passengers tried fondling her bum, touching her up and trying to put their hands up her skirt. In the end, she had to hide in the galley, leaving the others to do her work. She was somewhat less popular with the cabin crew than the passengers.

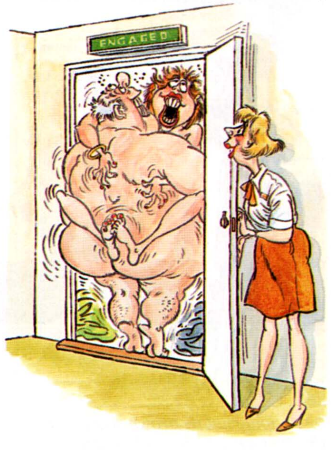
However, there is a solution to the in-flight groper, a lady from Dan-Air told me.

'If anyone gets amorous or pinches my bum, I carefully rearrange the seating plan. 'Hey, aren't you lucky,'' I tell them, ''There's window seat free. So much more comfy than being by the aisle!''.'

However according to one lady I talked to, it's not the passengers a stewardess has to fear but the pilots.

'Most of them are 50-year-olds who still think they're 25,' she maintains. 'They're not allowed to drink for eight hours before a flight so when they arrive at any destination, they make up for it and go berserk, chatting up everything that moves.'

One place they can't get amorous is on the plane itself, but that's far from being true of the passengers. Our lady from British Midland was happy to provide proof that the Five Mile High Club does exist. She's spotted many a porky



Many a porky passenger has been spotted vanishing with a partner into the loo

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GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME..

A ROUND-UP OF
AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A man and his wife were making love when their eight-year-old son walked into their bedroom. The man immediately yelled at the boy, who ran out in tears.

Overcome with remorse, the man hurried after his son, explained why he had shouted and, pulling off his new all-singing, all-dancing digital wristwatch, gave it to the boy as a present.

The next day at school the eight-year-old showed off his new watch to his best friend, and explained how he got it.

Intrigued, the friend stayed awake that night, his ear pressed to the wall of his parents' bedroom. Sure enough, shortly after they had gone to bed, the sounds of grunting, groaning and creaking bedsprings began.

They boy shot out of bed, ran into his parents' bedroom and cried, 'Dad! Dad! I want a watch!'

'Well, just sit down, then,' his father panted, 'and don't make so much noise about it!'

What's the difference between a Sloane Ranger and the Bermuda Triangle?
The Bermuda Triangle swallows seamen.

He rang for the maid, and he rode her,
Then disputed the sum that he owed her,
So with great *savoir faire*,
She stood on a chair,
And pissed in his whisky-and-soda

There was a sudden crisis at the building site, and the site manager asked his chief plumber to work overtime that night.

'I could really do with the money,' said the plumber, 'but the wife's going to worry. Our phone's off, so I can't let her know.'

'No problem,' said the site manager. 'I'll pop by on my way home, and tell her.'

When he arrived at the plumber's house, the wife had just had a bath, and opened the front door wearing only a skimpy towel. The site manager had always fancied her, but seeing so much of her spectacular figure was too much for him. As soon as he explained that her husband wouldn't be home for hours, he begged her to have sex with him.

'You cheeky sod!' she cried, slapping him.

'I'll give you a hundred pounds,' the manager said.

'That's even worse!' the wife blushed. 'What do you think I am!'

'OK, two hundred pounds,' said the manager.

'I don't believe I'm hearing this,' the wife gasped.

'My last offer,' said the manager. 'Three hundred pounds for twenty minutes. That's as much as your old man'll make with overtime in a week.'

The wife was quiet a moment. 'OK,' she said. 'But this is our secret, right?'

'Fine by me,' said the site manager.

Four hours later the plumber arrived home. 'Did the site manager stop by to let you know I'd be late?' he asked.

'Yes, love,' said the wife. 'He just popped his head round the door.'

'Oh,' said the plumber, 'did he remember to give you my wages?'

A blind man lay dying in a hospital ward, and he confided to his buxom nurse that his last wish was to meet Bobby Charlton. Knowing that the famous footballer couldn't get there in time, the nurse took pity on him, and bared her breasts.

'Bobby's here,' she told the old man.

Delighted, the old man reached up and stroked the enormous boobs. 'It's very good of you to come Bobby,' he said, 'oh, and I see you've bought Jackie as well.'

The old man's ministrations were by now beginning to arouse the young nurse,' 'That's okay,' she said, 'you can meet George Best as well if you like.'

How can you tell when a member of the British aristocracy is sexually excited?
By his stiff upper lip.

'Father, I'm 72 years old, and I've been a faithful husband for 48 years,' a man confessed to his local Catholic priest. 'Until, that is, yesterday afternoon.

'I was having a quiet drink in my local when two gorgeous 19-year-old Swedish au pairs came up to me. They told me they'd just arrived in England and had been looking forward to making mad, passionate love to a fine old English gentleman. The upshot was they invited me back to one of their houses, and I spent the next four hours having sex with both of them in all sorts of bizarre positions.'

'I see,' said the priest. 'And when was your last confession?'

'This is my first one,' said the man. 'I'm C of E.'

'Then why are you telling *me* all this?' the priest asked, puzzled.

'Father,' the man cried, 'I'm telling *everyone!*'

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Head Case

continued from page 62

swallowed the second glassful in another single gulp.

'They're all alright,' he slurred, 'but none of them are *really* special, are they?'

I could feel myself drifting off to sleep. I kept on trying to shake myself awake, but my eyes just wouldn't stay open.

Just for a second, I thought, I'll close my eyes and come round a bit.

'There is one idea I've had. For quite a long time,' I heard Tad saying. 'I can't show you a photo, but I thought it would look a bit like . . . this.'

'Jesus,' Swazzy muttered.

'I've just been waiting for the right person to come along, son,' said Tad.

I pulled my eyelids open, and looked up at the two of them. The contrast in their faces was remarkable. Swazzy's face betrayed no feeling at all; the eyes were dead, expressionless. The tattooist, on the other hand, was excitement itself. He kept looking down at the picture, and then eagerly up at Swazzy.

'Let's have a look,' I said.

'Go back to sleep,' Swaz said, angrily.

'You won't see another one like that, anywhere,' Tad continued to enthuse. ''Special'', you said: they don't come any more special than that. I'll make it perfect, you'll see. Rivets, shiny steel, a little shadow to give it 3D relief. A work of art.'

I closed my eyes again, willing him to leave.

'Go on then,' I heard Swazzy saying, his eyes rolling in a drunken haze.

'Tremendous,' said Tad.

I dragged my eyes open again.

'Course, we'll have to shave this bit off first,' he said, running his hand over Swazzy's scalp. The whole episode was becoming a nightmare. I wanted to leave, but my legs wouldn't work. I wanted to wake up, but the scene in front of me wouldn't disappear. And all I could do was watch, as Tad brushed away the hair from Swazzy's scalp, pulled on his rubber glove, and switched the tattooing needle on. It buzzed into action, and Tad deftly traced a blue-black line right around the boy's neck. Then, satisfied that he'd got it perfectly straight, he started on a parallel one an inch lower. It was when he started bringing the needle up over the back of the shaved skull that I couldn't stand it any more.

'Stop it!' I yelled, and leapt at Tad.

Instantly, he switched the electric needle off, and laid it back down on the stainless steel table. He was sober, and I was drunk: before I knew what was happening, Tad had grabbed me by the wrist, and twisted it up behind my back.

'I've had just about all I can take from you,' he said, viciously, and propelled me towards the door. Just before he managed to throw me right out onto the street, I caught a glimpse of Swazzy. He was emptying another tumbler of whisky. Even in my drunken state I knew he had gone too far. He was as far over the line as I had ever seen him. I couldn't imagine how he was still managing to remain conscious, but however he was doing it, I knew that he hadn't got a clue, couldn't possibly have a clue what was going on.

'Piss off,' hissed Tad, as he threw me on to the pavement. I knew I was beaten.

Fuck him! I thought bitterly, and stumbled off towards the Tube station.

It was only when the police came knocking at the door the following Tuesday that I knew something was up. They took me down for questioning, and, bit by bit, I discovered exa what had happened after I'd left.

* * *

Court procedure always takes ages, particul when the defendant is on legal aid. All in a was nearly four months later when I was fin summonsed to appear as a witness for defence. It was then that I saw Swazzy across court room for the first time.

'Oh no,' I said quietly to myself, feel shudders running down my spine.

Sitting miserably in the dock was the tattooist invention: the Boy in the Ironmask.

The inks used were a clever combination of b black and grey, which gave the illusion of sh steel, with light glinting on it. The two lines watched being drawn around his neck had be filled in to look solid, and now formed the b of the mask. A padlock on the left kept the wh contraption apparently locked. From the ne eight vertical ribbons of steel rose up across face and head, meeting at the top. One pass through his mouth and ran the length of his no Two passed through his eyes: when he blink could see that even the eye lids had been do Four horizontal bands completed the mask. T first crossing his chin, the second through ears and across the nose, the third just above eyebrows, and the top one just above his sha hairline. Where they crossed, circular riv appeared to glint. To the right of some of the b were a paler grey shadow, giving the total pic the authenticity of the 3D relief the tattooist promised.

Swazzy looked over at me. It was impossible tell what he was thinking. If he wanted to sh how miserable he was, he'd have to have so tears tattooed into the corner of his eyes.

His lawyer did a good job, dwelling on character of any man who would deliberat mutilate a young body the way Tad Sleat ha The word 'maim' came up several times. Th using my evidence, he reconstructed evening, when two young lads with too mu alcohol inside them, one seriously depress because of his appalling family life, compoun with the shock of meeting his father for the fi time since he'd been abandoned by him a deca before, had fallen prey to the scurrilous tatto more concerned with his obscene fantasies th with the future life of his underage victim. asked the jury to imagine how *they* would fee they woke up after a heavy night's drinking find that they had been transformed into object of a freakshow. What was m understandable than hitting out at the person w had just effectively ruined your entire life? had not intended to kill Tad Sleat.

Everything now hinged on how the judge de with this crime which was, despite all mitigating circumstances, manslaughter.

'This had been,' he said, 'one of the m unpleasant cases which has ever come up bef me in my twenty-seven years on the bench. I c only hope, Gary Browett, that you will be able use your wrestling talents as a source of inco when you leave prison. It is one of the very f professions to which such . . . trademarks mi be of benefit. In giving you a custodial senten I am taking into account both the unpremedita nature of the crime, and the fact that it is ne likely to occur again. In my capacity as judg am sentencing you to five years' imprisonme aware of the fact, that because of the lowerin your innate sense of reason due to exces alcohol, you will be spending the rest of your behind bars.'

René Caillé

'Aha! I see I shan't need to tap your knee to find if your reflexes are working OK.'

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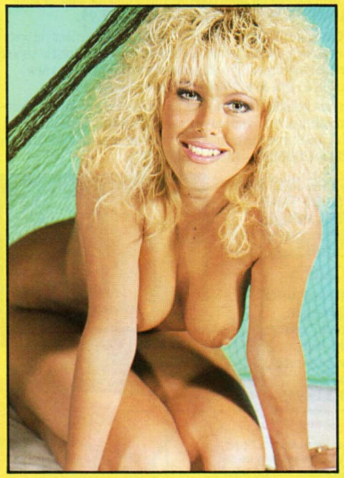

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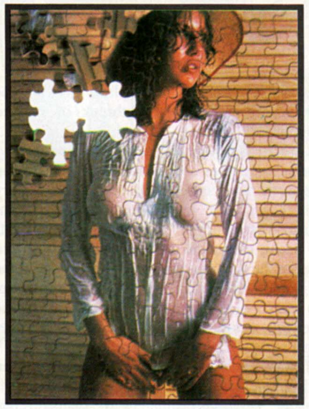

What better way to combat executive stress than by doing a jigsaw — especially when the subject is as sensual as the lovely Linda Lusardi. You can piece together the ex-Page Three Girl of the Year in her soaked white shirt again and again to form a ravishing picture measuring over 11 x 8½ inches. Hand-cut and wooden-backed, our jigsaw recalls Linda's heyday, it's over 100 pieces of history! An ideal fun present, our Linda Lusardi jigsaw costs just £2.50 (inc p&p). Order yours before they run out.

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passenger disappearing with their partner into the toilet for an in-flight fuck, and says that her training tells her to carefully ignore what's happening under the blankets on night flights.

Sadly, nobody's trained the other passengers. One stewardess was buzzed constantly by a lady complaining about the strange groaning coming from the seat behind her. When the stewardess went to investigate, she found a man lying at right angles on top of his lady, her lap covered by a small coat. She had her legs were wide open, her head back, wriggling, moaning and enjoying every minute, quite unaware of the others sitting around her.

Nervous fliers cause problems, especially as anxiety takes many forms. Some drink too much, some talk too much, and some take their clothes off. Quite why, no stewardess seems to know, but airplane streaking seems quite a common phenomenon, if our sample of stewardesses is anything to go by.

Firstly, there was the case of the 60-year-old lady who emerged from the toilet, wearing nothing but her hat and boots, smiling happily. Then, there was the equally naked, middle-aged lady, who was rather more angry. She ran down the aisle starkers to the stewardess complaining bitterly that coffee had been spilled down her dress, and she had to take it off. What made it particularly odd was that coffee hadn't at that stage been served. Later, she tried the same again, complaining about the food — still stark naked. Then once more, this time annoyed about the magazines. It wasn't just a test of patience for the stewardess, but the passengers — especially the man whom she had to climb over to make her unclad complaints.

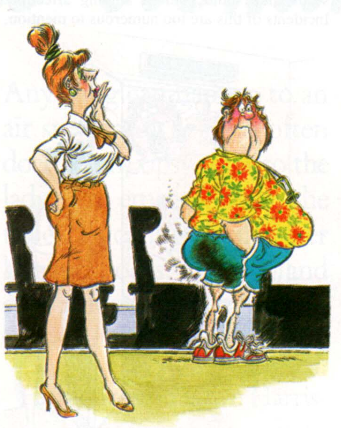
'Eventually the lady was quietened down, only for the long-suffering man to stand up and tap the stewardess on the shoulder.

'I have flown many millions of miles . . .' he started.

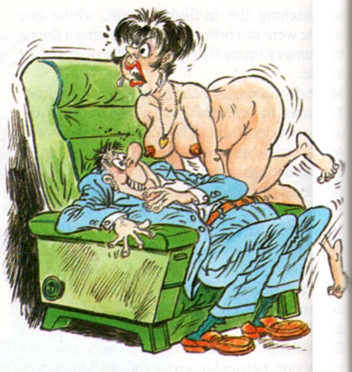
The stewardess flinched, knowing full well that this was the usual preamble to a long bitter diatribe. She was wrong.

'And never, never in my years of flying,' he continued, 'have I had better in-flight entertainment!'

Sometimes, just sometimes though, mistakes are the stewardess's fault. Like the time one tipped the entire contents of the rubbish bin in my lap, and later hit me on the head with the light fitting.



An unfortunate brown scorch mark resulted when a stewardess offered to dry a passenger's beer-stained shorts in the galley oven



One woman stripped to complain about service, delighting the man beside her

Or the stewardess who mistook the wheelchair-bound man's claims that he was on the wrong plane for some kind of mental problem, when, in fact, the non-English speaking people pushing had genuinely put him on the wrong plane. Fortunately, the aircraft was stopped just short of the main runway.

Our knickerless lady from B-Cal, for instance, managed to fall headlong into the gents toilet with a full tray of g & t, and a man very much in residence. Fortunately, she was wearing pants that day. Less fortunately for him, he wasn't.

At British Midland their aim with a drinks tray is more deadly. Our stewardess recalled one holiday flight where she tripped, and spilled a bottle of beer down a man's shorts. With great show and cheers from the fellow holidaymakers, he then proceeded to take them off, in front of the whole plane, to be dried. It was only a short flight, so the stewardess thought quickly, and put them in the small oven, so his shorts would be dry when he arrived. Unfortunately, she forgot all about them until the last moment. She brought them out to find a large dark brown scorch mark on the seat. His performance putting them on was a little more restrained, though the unfortunate brown mark got a big hand!

But, if proof is required that the stewardess has become a symbol of patience under impossible circumstances, then I leave you with this story from our British Midland representative. She had spent a very long flight being pestered by a small boy who followed her everywhere, constantly asking for things, and generally making a nuisance of himself. Finally she could stand it no more. The training disappeared out of the window as fast as if it had been sucked out by the pressure.

'Oh piss off!' she had told the little brat.

Immediately he burst into tears, and went running to his mum.

'Mum, Mum,' he wailed. 'That stewardess just told me to piss off.'

The result was a less-than-sympathetic smack around the ear.

'How many times have I told you not to tell lies?' scolded his mother. 'None of these nice ladies would ever say anything like that!'

According to one American airline, the plane facts are that it costs around £40,000 a year to keep a stewardess in pay, expenses and benefits. Even so, I reckon the girls who make the Boeing easy deserve a Jumbo rise. 🍏

You too can find love

"I met lots of different men at university but when I started work the opportunities for meeting single men were really limited. I joined Dateline then and went out with one person I met for two years, but then I moved away with my work. After a while I thought that as Dateline had been such a success the first time why not have some fun and do it again? I do admit though that I really was looking for someone special!" When Karen met Robert, teased by his description of himself as 'one of the few people who has never seen the 'Sound of Music', she thought "nice... I think I'm going to enjoy this!" Robert, a 31 year old architectural technician, found her very attractive too, and felt that he definitely wanted to know her better. For the next few weeks they went out one late night after another – "I don't know how we survived," says Robert. They are now together and Robert says "I am so happy having found someone I want to spend my life with. I see people now in the same situation as I was before, unable to meet anyone, and they don't feel they can do anything about it, and I want to say 'Yes you can!' When you join Dateline not every date is going to be your 'ideal person' but you will find things to enjoy in 90% of the people you meet – and if you meet 'that special person' it's the most wonderful bonus!"

"I saw the Dateline ad. and thought of joining other smaller agencies, but thought I might as well get the best."

"The first night we met he gave me a bunch of flowers" says Denise. "I was speechless!" "Actually even if we hadn't wanted to see each other again she would have got the flowers," laughs Colin. "They were a token of appreciation for having the courage to turn up!" "Everything was so easy. We chatted so much on that first date, and then Denise asked me out to dinner the next night. I found her so refreshing – amusing and extrovert – and knew very quickly that we had something special." So special that three months later they were engaged.

"I asked her to marry me that first night."

Jean, 42 and divorced, has her own wool shop, not the most obvious place for meeting single men. A friend of a friend had recently married through Dateline so she thought it seemed worth a try. Barry had been divorced for twelve years, had been a member of Dateline but then had moved because of work. He rejoined and his name appeared on Jean's first list. When they met "Everything was so magnetic between us that I just didn't want to leave him," says Jean. "I actually asked her to marry me that first night, and she said yes," says Barry. "It may sound unbelievable, but we are such a good match. I didn't get too much sleep that night though, wondering if I'd done the right thing!" However Dateline was right about both compatibility and chemistry, and Barry and Jean married earlier this year.

'We met through Dateline'

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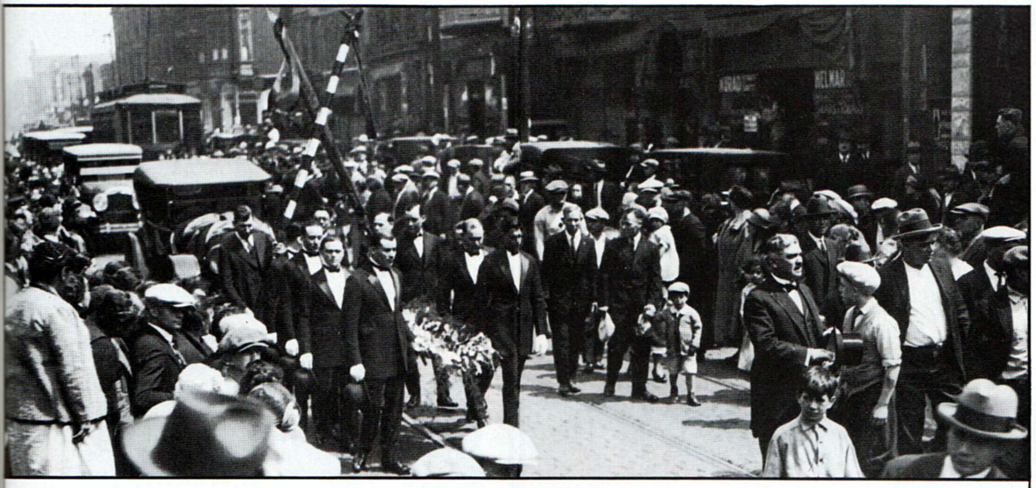

The funeral of murdered gangleader Angelo Genna — responsible himself for Dion O'Banion's slaying — was a classic of its kind

Flowers for the Hit Men

continued from page 26

South Side had fought vicious gang battles. The six Genna brothers, black-eyed and black haired, orphaned when small boys, had clawed their way up fast to riches. Beginning as protection enforcers for the Black Hand gang, they had become ardent family men, and were regular church-goers.

Johnny Torrio spent 10,000 dollars on various flowers, and Al Capone spent 8,000 dollars on red roses. The Unione Sicilano added a unique touch to the funeral by having a life-sized wax statue of Merlo to ride in a limousine in front of the hearse.

To finish everything in time, O'Banion worked right through the weekend, and he and his assistants excelled themselves. O'Banion was not to know he would never see the funeral himself. Unknown to him, it was Mike Merlo who for a long time had stopped the rest of the Syndicate from eliminating him.

Their grudge was because of a trick he had pulled on the others. O'Banion had always been uncooperative with the others, but he did have some excuse. Johnny Torrio hadn't paid him for the use of some of his mobsters in the 1924 election. In the end, he had had to settle for a small increase in his territory rather than the promised hard cash.

Then, contrary to the Syndicate agreement, the Genna family began flooding his territory with their rotgut whisky, whose only virtue was that it was cheaper. However, the chemicals they added, and the way it was manufactured, made it potentially lethal. Many became ill, went insane, or died after drinking it.

O'Banion, on the occasion, did the right thing. He went to Torrio, as Chairman of the Syndicate, and asked him to tell the Gennas to stop it. Torrio said he would, but didn't. He didn't like O'Banion either.

So O'Banion decided to hit back.

He told Torrio and Capone that he was retiring from the rackets, and offered to sell them his backstreet brewery, which operated safely in Cicero, a western suburb of Chicago, under the protection of the local police. He wanted half a million dollars, in cash, in advance, and would join them in operating the last shipment under his control. They agreed, and paid the cash. It was a sound investment, they thought.

On the night, there were 13 lorries loaded and ready to move off, when the police raided. They'd been tipped off. They were not the local police — two of them had been helping to supervise the loading, but the Cook County police again.

Torrio, Capone, O'Banion, and all the lesser fry, were arrested. O'Banion wasn't worried. If he ever did get to court, he would pay the fine out of the half million he'd already been paid, and, now that the County police knew of the brewery they'd keep raiding it, so it was worthless. And he would never be suspected of being the informer. After all he'd been arrested too.

But the gangleaders did suspect him. That raid had been just too convenient for O'Banion. One day they got a tip-off from an informer inside the County police. And then O'Banion signed his own death warrant by boasting of what he'd done.

Merlo blocked his killing even then. But now he was dying, so Torrio and Capone knew it would only be a short time before they got their revenge.

In the meantime, life — and business — went on. The gangleaders still met weekly for the share-out of profits from *The Ship*, a gambling casino jointly owned by Torrio, Capone and O'Banion. At the next meeting, after they heard that Merlo was dying, Capone mentioned, in a disarmingly casual way, that they were holding IOUs of 30,000 dollars for Angelo Genna. He had had a run of bad luck with roulette. Capone suggested that, as a gesture of goodwill, they should cancel them, and take the loss, which was only a paper one anyway. They hadn't lost any actual cash.

O'Banion exploded. He wasn't going to take any loss for any Sicilian! Especially Angelo Genna. Even if he was soon going to be made the Chicago President of the Unione Sicilano. He grabbed the telephone, and told Genna he'd got one week to pay. Or else.

His lieutenant Hymie Weiss was terrified. You just didn't talk like that to the future President of the Unione Sicilano. He begged O'Banion to ring him again, apologise, and say he'd only been kidding.

'You can tell them Sicilians they can go to hell', was all O'Banion would say in a fit of rage. The story soon went round gangland, and Genna was furious. And now Merlo was close to death. Within days he did die, and, without knowing it, O'Banion had lost his protector.

Two days later on the Monday following the weekend during which he had worked on the flowers for his good friend, three men quietly entered the shop. It was very early, and only O'Banion and the janitor were there. Inexplicably, O'Banion had sent home his bodyguards.

Later, the janitor insisted he did not know the three men at all, but O'Banion obviously did, because he went forward to shake hands as soon as they walked in.

He was always wary with people he didn't know, ready to grab for any of the three guns he always carried: one in a shoulder holster, one in a jacket pocket, and the third down the front of his trousers.

But, as soon as his hand was taken, he was pulled forward, and his arms grabbed. Six shots were put into him. Two through the chest, two in the throat, one through the face, and one through the brain. He died instantly.

O'Banion's funeral was something people talked about for a long time afterwards. For three days his body 'lay in state' in the Shabaro Funeral Chapel as if he were royalty, with four of his gang always on duty. A rosary was clasped in the fingers of one hand, and there was a Biblical text on a marble slab. The casket was made of silver and bronze, with silver posts, two silver angels bending forward over the body, and ten golden candlesticks, in which candles burned for the three days. It was lined with white satin. Flowers were massed around the body and casket.

Politicians, police, mobsters, the girls from his brothels, and the curious public filed past.

Newspapers estimated that 10,000 people were in the funeral procession including all the mobsters of the city, foremost among them being Torrio, Capone and the Genna family. There were another 5,000 at the cemetery. The local police formed a guard of honour.

In some ways O'Banion's funeral was even more lavish than Merlo's. If only it had been for someone else, Dion O'Banion would have loved it for all its rich splendour. ◆

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QUEST

keep her upright, but I was right up her, hen, and she had started to come. So, as she oaned and groaned and twitched, I shot my ad. It was a bit precarious, but it felt absolutely ntastic. Then, of course, the car headlamps ame on, and I heard my mate calling, 'Tom! Maggie! Where the hell are you!' And we ealised we were only a couple of feet off the rmac — in broad daylight we could have been een from anywhere on the layby! We had to leap ack behind the tree, with our pants round our nkles. Then I called out, and, as soon as we'd idied ourselves, we went back to the car. I told ur friends Maggie and I both had a sudden call f nature, which was pretty true! If our friends new what we were really up to, they never said.

uest: And does masturbation still form part of our love making?

esigner: We have our moments, especially hen Maggie has her period. But that was the ost memorable time.

uest: Thank you.

ERSONAL FILE

ame . . . . Withheld

ex . . . . . Female

ge . . . . 25 years

own of Origin . . . .

ath

ther details . . . . This ttractive blonde nterviewee works for a ondon-based financial ublic relations consultancy. he owns a flat with her oyfriend.

uest: How do you prefer to masturbate?

onsultant: Atmosphere's very important with e. I need to be relaxed and comfortable, and now the phone isn't likely to ring for the next ouple of hours. The end of the day is best, after good soak in a hot bath. I stretch out on my bed — I prefer to be naked — and spread my legs. hat always seems to get me in the mood.

uest: Do you use any special objects?

onsultant: Just my hand — the first and second ngers of my right hand, actually. I've tried ibrators, but I can't get on with them. They eem too mechanical to me. Also, my clitoris is uite sensitive. I don't like direct pressure — at east, to start with. Sometimes, when I've been xtra horny, I've almost come simply by rubbing y fingers round and round my pussy, then erally tickled my clitty at the last moment. sually, though, I inch closer to it as I go, queezing my labia together and spreading the oisture about, sort of darting in to tickle my clit very now and then. That's just with a fingertip, ut, as I get more involved, I increase the pressure nd use more fingers. By the end I'm generally rubbing the whole of my pussy with my palm — quite hard, sometimes.

Quest: Do you ever insert anything?

Consultant: I might slip a finger inside at a crucial moment, but that's all. I also like to squeeze a nipple sometimes, too.

Quest: Are your orgasms better when you masturbate?

Consultant: They tend to be more intense, yes — simply because you've got more control; you're doing exactly what you want. But emotionally they're not. There's a feeling I get from having a penis inside me that's like nothing else. Partly it's the feeling of being as close as you possibly can be to someone you're fond of, but it's also more primitive than that. The feeling of being *had* is the only way I can describe it. It's very female — and it's more intense when I'm not taking precautions.

Quest: You mean when you might become pregnant?

Consultant: Oh yes. The thought that you might actually be making a baby is an incredible turn on — it's given me several very close calls in the past! In fact, that's one of my favourite masturbation fantasies. It's quite worrying, actually, because I certainly don't want children for at least another five years!

Quest: Is fantasy important to you?

Consultant: Oh, vital. That's the best part, in a way. I can't imagine doing it to myself, cold. I don't think I've ever done that, even when I used to give myself orgasms on the bus.

Quest: Seriously?

Consultant: Oh, yes. I had a vacation job in the sixth form, and I had to go miles on a little country bus. It was probably the vibration, but, if I crossed my legs, and squeezed them together very tightly, I got some very interesting sensations. Funnily enough, that story appalled my boyfriend. I was quite pleased. It's usually the other way round.

Quest: Does he feature in your fantasies?

Consultant: He does, and he doesn't. Generally the man is fairly anonymous; it's not what he looks like, but what he does that's important.

Quest: What does he do?

Consultant: One of my old favourites is imagining this lover on top of me, we're both naked, of course, and we're making love, but it's very gentle, almost leisurely — what I call a 'Sunday morning' screw. Just this nice, smooth, naughty feeling of his penis sliding in and out of me, with his balls squashing against the insides of my thighs — because that's what my boyfriend's always do! And I imagine he's begged me to leave off a condom, because I'm not on the pill — I actually use a coil. I've let him, because I'm so fond of him, though I've made him swear that he'll stop, and pull out, if he even thinks he's starting to come. That's why we're keeping it slow and gentle, so that neither of us get carried away. We're not actually trying to have orgasms at all — we're just enjoying the lovely, warm feeling of him being inside me. All of which is rubbish, of course! Because we do get steadily more and more excited, especially me. Soon my heart's pounding, my boobs are heaving about all over the place, I can't keep my bottom still. I'm begging him to, 'Stop! Stop!' Meanwhile he keeps steadily pumping away, telling me it's OK, it's fine, he's in full control. If I want to let go, and just come on his penis, I don't have to worry about him. I'm gasping, 'You're sure? You don't mind?' He just shakes his head, I'm saying, 'Oh thank you, thank you — I want to come so badly — oh God, that's

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QUEST

Masturbation is a practice few women admit to openly, yet, from the evidence of surveys, the vast majority indulge in it at some time in their lives. This month Quest examines the role of female masturbation in the sexual experience of three individuals. The results are as arousing as they are revealing

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 25 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Barnsley
Other details. . . . This brunette interviewee works as an administrative assistant in a bank. She married three years ago.

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Quest: Why do you like to masturbate in front of your husband?

Assistant: Did Peter tell you that? I'll bet he did. God, he's such a *dirty* devil.

Quest: It was actually something you hinted at earlier, but presumably it's true?

Assistant: There's not much use denying it now.

Quest: Do you find the subject of female masturbation embarrassing?

Assistant: It's hardly the kind of thing you mention in everyday conversation, is it?

Quest: How did your husband raise the subject?

Assistant: He didn't, really. It raised itself. Before we got married we were both living at home, so it was a bit difficult finding places to be alone together — where we could make love properly. I'm not the sort of girl who enjoys doing it in the back of a car, when you don't know who'll come along any minute. I wasn't on the pill, then, either. So we used to pet a lot.

Quest: How exactly?

Assistant: With a lot of kissing, and cuddling, which I love, anyway. We got quite elaborate about it, actually. I used to wear a loose sweater, with just my bra underneath, and a pleated skirt below that. Then, when we were in Peter's car, or perhaps out in the Dales, having a picnic, I'd take my bra off under my sweater, then slip off my knickers and tights. From the outside, then, I'd look perfectly respectable, but, actually, I was virtually naked. That used to make me feel quite fruity, as a matter of fact! I quite miss it, now we've got our own bed.

Quest: So Peter would caress your body discreetly?

Assistant: Yes, he could slip his hand up my jumper, and fondle my boobs, and squeeze my nipples, without it being too obvious — every now and then he'd stick his whole head up, and kiss and lick me! And, of course, it was very easy for him to slide his hand into my lap, and under

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QUEST

sked them to! Perhaps I just attract the bizarre ype, but I'm always astonished how far women ill go, without being obvious about it, or just enying it, usually! I don't think guys realise half f what's going on where women and sex are oncerned.

uest: How do you mean?

esigner: Maggie, my girlfriend, had a drink oo many at a party about a year ago, and told me he used to do these pussy strengthening xercises on the Tube — she comes from London. Apparently the idea is you imagine ou've got something in your pussy, and you lench and unclench the vaginal muscles round t — kind of an isometrics exercise, she put it. ou can do it anywhere, and no one's any the iser. She just happened to add that a side effect as all these 'nice feelings' she got while she was oing it. Then, one morning, she found herself itting knee to knee with this 'absolute hunk', as he put it. She knew she shouldn't have started er exercises, she said, but she did, and ended up aving some very rude fantasies about his guy. n fact, she'd got so turned on she'd had to hide er red face between her newspaper, and just sat here, squirming, before she got to Waterloo.

uest: Are you saying she had an orgasm?

esigner: Well, how does it sound to you? Apart rom the fact that I happened to be sleeping with er at the time, and here she was having fantasy ex with some stranger, the implications of it truck me as mind-boggling. Can you imagine he 8.35 from Surbiton packed with all these andy secretaries busy squeezing their thighs ogether, and enjoying little orgasms before they et to work — and no one any the wiser! Can you magine men getting away with that? I've fancied lenty of women on the Tube, but, if I made a abit of having a quick one off the wrist every ime I found myself next to some dollybird, I'd ave a conviction list as long as your arm! When I said that to my girlfriend, she just laughed. 'There've got to be some advantages to being a irl,' she said. Then she said that sometimes she ouldn't help herself — motion, in a train or car, et her off when she was least expecting it. So I hallenged her.

uest: In what way?

esigner: We were going to Scotland for a riend's wedding, with another couple, sharing he driving, so I dared her to do it to herself on the ourney. When she was about to come she could ust touch my elbow, and I'd see if I'd realised hat she was up to.

uest: Did she agree?

esigner: She accused me of being a dirty-minded sod! So I didn't think any more of it. We ad a fantastic time, but there wasn't much pportunity for nookie — we either didn't go to ed at all, or we were kipping on people's floors. Then, at about two in the morning, driving back own the A1, Maggie suddenly touched my arm. I was driving, and our friends had dozed off in he back. I'd forgotten all about this challenge, o I just asked Maggie what was up. Then I saw his silly, sheepish grin on her face, and looked own, and saw her hand pressed into her lap. I aid, 'Bloody hell, are you getting started then?' he giggled, and put her head against my houlder. 'I've already done it once,' she said uietly. 'Just a little one.' Then she whispered in y ear, 'I'm so horny, I can't tell you!'

uest: What effect did that have on you?

esigner: What would it have on you? I started o get the bonk. So I glanced in the rear mirror to ee if the others were still asleep, then asked her f she was going on. 'I don't think I can help myself,' she breathed. I glimpsed her hand pressing her skirt down into her lap. Then she whispered, 'You're not shocked, are you? You don't think I'm being disgusting?' In fact, I *was* shocked — not least because we weren't really on our own; I was half sure that's why she'd picked now, when I couldn't really do anything about it. So I said, 'I don't mind if you want to be a dirty girl,' which made her frown. '*You* wanted me to do it,' she said. 'I needn't have told you anything about it. Anyway, it's not being dirty; it's just feeling nice.' So I apologised, and she went on doing it.

Quest: What was she doing precisely?

Designer: The car was dark, and doing 80 on the road doesn't make concentration easy. She was leaning back in the seat, and her shoulder was touching mine. I could feel her making little rhythmic movements with her legs, one hand was in her lap, and that was moving too, very gently. I could feel her breathing deeply and steadily against my ear. After a minute she gave a little gasp, and whispered, 'That was another little one.' I was amazed. I'm like any other bloke; once I shoot off, that's it for a good half an hour, at least. 'Oh no,' Maggie whispered, 'it's different for me. I can go on like this for ages.' Then her right hand reached down, and squeezed my thigh. 'Am I turning you on?' she said. I was sweating cobs! I was convinced our friends in the back were getting every word — whispering or not. 'Don't be silly,' said Maggie. 'They're dead to the world. Anyway, who cares if they hear?' That's when her hand slipped down into my lap, just in time to feel my cock give an almighty jerk. That made her giggle again. 'Who's the dirty one now?' she said. Then she hissed in my ear, giving my bulge a squeeze. 'Would you like me to do it to you at the same time? Then we can both come together.' That nearly drove us off the road! Thank God the road was virtually empty. At least, it sobered Maggie up a bit. She said she thought she ought to stop teasing. So I said no, if she really wanted to go on, I wouldn't mind, which made her laugh. Then she said she wasn't sure if she hadn't lost the mood. So I was quiet. Then I felt the little movements again.

Quest: She had resumed masturbating?

Designer: I heard a rustle, glanced down, and saw she'd pulled up her skirt. She gave me a quick glance, and said, 'I need to get a bit closer.' Then she giggled. 'This is the most disgusting thing I've ever done!' I couldn't imagine our friends hadn't overhead that; but it was still quiet at the back. We drove on. Maggie's head came against my shoulder again; I could hear her breath getting more uneven. Then, all of a sudden, she gave a gasp, and her fingers clutched at my thigh. I asked if she was alright. She gave this little gasping, laughing whisper. 'God, I've over done it —' she said. 'This is a big one — oh *Jesus* —' I felt her whole body go rigid; her fingers were biting into my leg. Then she hissed in my ear, 'You're going to have to stop the car —!' The night was black; there was just empty road! 'I can't —' I said. 'You've got to!' she hissed. 'Now! You've got to do it to me before I *explode!* Tom (name changed), I want you inside me!' I nearly freaked out — there was no way the others couldn't have heard that! Then, just when I was about to panic, I glimpsed a layby sign up ahead, then, a little further on, this dark sliproad with a barrier of trees hiding it from the road, and what looked like woods behind. I gradually applied the brakes. Steered straight in, and came to as gentle a halt as I could. I was thinking of the two in the back.

Quest: Were you passengers aware of you stopping?

Designer: There were a few grunts, but we didn't wait to find out. I said Maggie needed a pee, in case they were awake. I turned out the headlights. Maggie pushed open her door, I went out my side. Suddenly we were on this tarmac in the middle of blackness. Maggie grabbed my hand. We went towards the trees. There wasn't a ditch, thank God, just a little bank and bushes. The whole thing felt absolutely mad. We could have killed ourselves. If it had been cold, that would probably have scotched it all, too. But we ended up stumbling against this big tree trunk. I put my arms around Maggie, and went to kiss her. She was trembling. 'No,' she said, 'for God's sake just *do* me!' She just started tugging at my belt. So I was reaching behind her, pulling her skirt, and tugging down her pants, while she was unzipping me, and yanking down my jeans and shorts. Then her hand came round my cock, and started pumping it up and down. Meanwhile we were both gasping and grunting. 'I'll have to turn round,' she hissed. 'You'll have to have me from behind.' So that's what happened — mainly by feel, I have to say; I could hardly see my hand in front of my face, just Maggie's bare white bottom. But I got my hands on her hips; she leaned forward, and steadied herself. I reached down, and pushed my cock down the crack of her bum, and between her legs, and she reached back, and took hold of it. Luckily she's only about an inch shorter than me, or it would have been impossible. Then she arched her back, and pushed up her cheeks. I felt my tip pushing against her pussy lips, which felt absolutely soaking — her whole pubic bush did as well. Then I was sliding inside, and we were both gasping. I went as deep as I could, then gripped her hips and started humping.

Quest: Was it satisfying?

Designer: Oh enormously — even at the end, when Maggie suddenly wailed, and her legs started to give. I had to hold her round the waist,

> **'She leaned back in the car seat, gave a gasp and said, "That was another little one"'**

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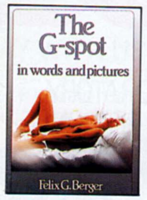

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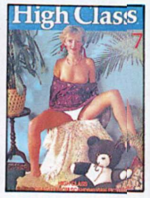

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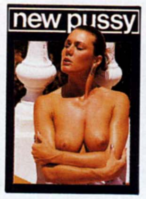

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QUEST

my skirt, without being obvious about it.

Quest: And he'd stimulate your pussy?

Assistant: He was very good at it — he still is. Very patient. A lot of fellows just aren't interested in making the girl happy. Not that I've had a lot of fellows! I've only had one boyfriend before Peter, but he hardly touched me — down there; I don't think he liked it, somehow. He was only interested in what I'd do to him. I know a lot of girls whose fellows are like that.

Quest: Did this previous boyfriend want oral sex?

Assistant: He was very keen on that, but I only did it to him once, because I was terrified he'd come in my mouth. God, I hope Peter doesn't read this — I've never told him that! Mostly, though, this fellow liked me to jerk him off.

Quest: Didn't you like that?

Assistant: I'd have liked it more if I'd liked *him* more. But he was just selfish about it. He even wanted me to do him in a cinema once. He got very shirty when I wouldn't. I didn't go out with him again after that. That's why I was very wary when Peter first wanted me to touch him. But he didn't get shirty. He touched me instead. I thought that was lovely. He really seemed to enjoy exploring me down there. He actually gave me my first climax like that.

Quest: Where was this?

Assistant: In his car. I hadn't even taken my tights and knickers down properly — they were just down to my knees — because it was only our third date; I didn't know him that well. We'd been kissing, and he'd put his hand inside my blouse, though I hadn't taken my bra off. Then he started pushing his fingers between my thighs. I let him try about three times before I slipped my knickers down. Even then I didn't really open my legs very much. Then he started to stroke me. I can't really describe what he did, but it felt wonderful. He only seemed to use his fingertip; it seemed to go up and down the sides of my lips, then down the middle, just parting them; and he found my button — my clitoris — right off. It was as if he'd watched me doing it to myself!

Quest: So you did masturbate normally?

Assistant: I touched myself, and had some nice feelings, but not that often. I always felt vaguely guilty about doing it; I'd certainly never made myself come. Now, all of a sudden, I found myself getting more and more excited — my heart was bumping, I was panting away, these incredible feelings were twitching through me. I remember saying to Peter, 'What are you doing to me? What are you touching?' He didn't say, of course; just kept stroking and rubbing, harder and faster. And then it happened. I remember shrieking out. These beautiful feelings just exploded in me — I literally saw colours. Peter went to touch me again, and I nearly leapt through the car roof! I was so sensitive, and I was still having little spasms — they seemed to go on for ages. I had to marry Peter after that!

Quest: Did you continue to masturbate?

Assistant: I tried to make myself come that night! On my own, in bed. But I couldn't without Peter touching me. After that I got quite selfish about it. I was always on at him to 'stroke me — the way I like.' I'm sure he thought I was sex mad!

Quest: What did you do for him?

Assistant: Usually we'd lie down together, and, while he stroked me, I'd hold a handkerchief, or a tissue, over his thing, and pull it up and down. Then we'd both try and come at the same time. We still do that, now we can screw easily, because Peter tends to come quite quickly the first time we have intercourse, and it means I'm always nice and ready and well lubricated for him, and, of course, I don't get frustrated. He's better the second time.

Quest: How did you first masturbate in front of him?

Assistant: I think he got fed up with me being so demanding! Normally I'm reasonably quick with Peter. But every so often there are times when it just doesn't seem to work — perhaps I'm too tense, or too dry; I seem to start to get excited, but somehow I can't get over the threshold. Then Peter gets tired, and frustrated. Anyway, that's what happened this Saturday night about a year after we were married. It was doubly frustrating for me, because I was just coming up to my period, when I feel especially fruity. Eventually Peter just stopped, and said, 'I'm worn out, — you're going to have to do it yourself.' And he flopped down beside me, and turned his back, as if he were going to sleep.

Quest: How did you react?

Assistant: I was angry, as much with myself as with him. He'd even got limp again, waiting for me, which doesn't happen very often! So I thought, 'Blow this!' and I started on my own. If I hadn't been so annoyed and frustrated, I'd never have dared. I just reached down between my legs, and began stroking my clitoris. At first nothing seemed to happen, which made me even more frustrated. Then, obviously, Peter felt the movement in the bed, and asked me what I was doing. I told him to push off, and mind his own business! Then he turned over to look at me. I said, 'Go away, this is private! Go away, I don't want you looking at me!' By then I was more embarrassed than angry.

Quest: How did he react?

Assistant: He was amused, which only made me more annoyed. 'This is fascinating,' he said. 'I've never seen a woman do this before.' Of course, I went scarlet, and went to turn over. 'No,' he said, touching my arm, 'don't stop. I'm really fascinated.' So, very embarrassed, I went on, trying hard to concentrate, which was very difficult! Then I noticed his cock was starting to get stiff again. I don't know if it was that, or the feeling that I was being really quite disgusting, or what, but I had this ripple of excitement in my tummy, and suddenly my whole pussy was sopping — I was really incredibly wet. That's when I knew I could do it. I even said to Peter, 'I think I ought to stop now.' He asked me why. 'Because I'm starting to get excited!' I said. 'What's wrong with that?' he said. So I went on stroking myself, harder now, and I really was getting very short-breathed, my heart was booming away. I said, 'I think you better get on me now, or it's going to be too late!' His cock looked absolutely huge to me. But he shook his head. 'Don't be silly,' he said. 'I never see you come. I'm too busy coming myself. I want to see your face when you have a climax. I think that would be wonderful.' I was laughing. 'This is disgusting!' I went to say something else, but then I had that feeling when I knew it was starting, and I couldn't stop it. I stared at Peter. 'Oh God,' I said, 'I'm doing it — I'm going to come — I'm going to come —!' I just clutched at his hand, and held it really tightly. Then I let out this wail as the first spasm hit me. Suddenly, I glimpsed this look on Peter's face that he has when he's letting fly — and he was! His *thing* was jerking away between his legs, actually coming and he wasn't even touching it. Then I had another spasm, and another, and I was away; it was gorgeous. I didn't blame Peter for letting go like that — he was frustrated, and I'd given him enough encouragement! I'd rather have had him inside me, but it did mean that we shared my moment. In fact, I'm sure I wouldn't have had a moment if he hadn't been there and sharing the experience.

Quest: But the experience has been repeated since?

Assistant: We don't do it a lot — in fact, only usually when I'm having a period, and we can't do anything else. It still feels slightly disgusting to me — I wouldn't want to see Peter playing with himself — but that's probably why I enjoy it!

Quest: Thank you.

> **"I never see you come; I'm too busy coming myself," he said. "I want to see you climax"**

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Male
Age . . . . 26 years
Town of Origin . . . . Edinburgh
Other details . . . . This interviewee works as a designer in small Midlands-based design consultancy. He shares a flat with his girlfriend.

Quest: Has a woman ever masturbated in front of you?

Designer: Yes, they have, though I've never

QUEST

recounting real life sexual experiences

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QUEST

wonderful — oh, it's happening — oh, *yes*, I'm coming — I'm coming —!' Then, of course, as I start to come, writhing about on my lover's penis, I glimpse his face change, and I just know he can't hold back. Then he swears, and gasps, and I shriek, 'Don't! Please! Don't do it in me! Don't do it in me!' Then we both go off like fire crackers, or rather I do.

Quest: It sounds very well rehearsed.

Consultant: Well acted out, too.

Quest: Just 'acted'?

Consultant: That was really a joke. Another one of our favourites is when he rings and I pretend he's interrupted me in bed with two men. Then he gets me to tell them what to do with me. So I finish up with one lover at one end, and another lover at the other — if you see what I mean! Unfortunately I've only got one pair of hands!

Quest: So you touch yourself as you imagine two men would?

Consultant: More or less. Obviously what goes on in the imagination is the most important part. In *our* imaginations, I should say.

Quest: It's based on an actual experience?

Consultant: It is, but I meant in the sense of acting it out. My boyfriend and I have done it on the phone several times. He's based in Europe, so we only see each other weekends. We must spend a small fortune on making international obscene phone calls!

Quest: Acting out fantasies?

Consultant: Sometimes we just say what we'd like to do to each other. Sometimes Marc tells me what to do to myself, so I do it — if I can.

Quest: And you reach orgasm over the phone?

Consultant: Usually, yes. So does Marc — or it certainly sounds like he does. That's how I've become so expert at the whole thing in the last year or so. I did it before, of course, but not as elaborately. It was just to get rid of an itch, then. The relationship has opened up a whole new area of sex for me. Simply talking like this for a start. Even a couple of years ago, the thought of calmly telling a man how *I masturbate* — my God, it would have blown my mind!

Quest: How did Marc work this change?

Consultant: Basically by being a superb lover — not just technically, though he is very experienced, but loving, tender, patient, kind. You don't know what a difference it's made after years of fellows who think the body's lovely, then instantly turn into slam-bang merchants, who can't finish quickly enough. It's no wonder I played with myself! Marc was the first man who actually said to me, 'I'm fine, now tell me what *you* really want in bed.' I suppose it's my own fault always falling for good-looking career types my own age. Marc's over 10 years der tha me, and the experience shows.

Quest: Are you saying he made you msturbat in front of him?

Consultant: He didn't *make* me do nything What actually happened is that shortly fter I me him — he was a client originally — we ent away for the weekend; he has a small *gite* in Brittany We made love on the Saturday night, nd agai in the morning, which was lovely. Then Mar ran a bath. The place had an enormous, old-fashioned tub. We both got in it, facing eac other. Marc soaped my breasts, then he ay back and I soaped his penis. He got an erection, but h wasn't ready to make love again. So we ay back and I fiddled with his erection with my oes, an he rubbed his toes up and down my puss, gettin faster and faster.

Quest: Did he make you come?

Consultant: He turned me on, but soping my boobs had started that, anyway. Then h reache round, and picked up the shower attchment which had an adjustable nozzle, right rom ful shower down to a fine needle. He turned it on leaned over and started to play it between my legs. We were laughing about it, and being silly though it did feel nice. But I said things like tha didn't work with me, so he asked what id. I tol him old-fashioned digits were good enough fo me. 'Fine,' he said, 'show me.'

Quest: Did you?

Consultant: I didn't think he was serious, but h kept on. 'Who knows better than you what turn you on?' he said. 'The only way I'm going t learn is by trial and error. Show me.' So I did. was *very* embarrassing. At first I couldn't loo at him. I kept saying, 'I can't — not unless I' alone — it's impossible.' I nearly gave up couple of times, but he was so patient. Then, ju when I thought it would never happen I reall began to get very, very excited. My hand wa rubbing away between my legs — I was eve making a splash! I was saying, 'Oh my God, th is awful — it's really happening —' Marc ju grinned at me. 'It's not awful,' he said. 'You' just making love to a beautiful woman —' couldn't rub myself hard enough — I wa squirming about in the water, gasping, panting trying to squeeze my nipple. But I could still fe that cramping feeling building in my womb. even grabbed at Marc! 'Please,' I said, 'don waste it — put it in me — do me properly —' 'It' not wasted,' he said. 'Enjoy it.' And then happened — a really intense spasm, then anothe and another — I was staring into Marc's eyes a I came. I'm sure that's what made it so fierce. was all *so* outrageous, *so* awful, and so on — turning, all at the same time. Afterwards I wa literally shaking like a leaf. I told him, 'You ev devil, you've corrupted me.' He just grinne again, and said, 'Lovely, isn't it?' After that was firmly established in our love play. But is something we share.

Quest: Thank you.

> **'Then he picked up the shower attachment and started to spray me between the legs'**

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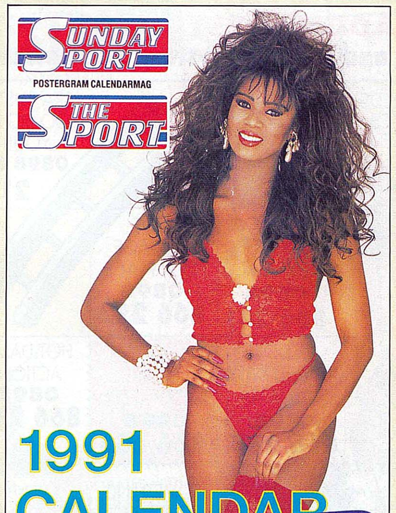

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LETTERS

continued from page 8

if I could walk her back to her hotel. 'Let's go back to yours,' she insisted. 'I'd like to see where you are staying.' By the time we got back to my hotel, we were arm in arm, and laughing happily.

When we got into my room, both of us instinctively knew we were going to make love. I pulled Heidi towards me, and felt her tugging my shirt out from the back of my shorts. Soon we were both naked, and spreadeagled on the bed in a passionate embrace. The sight of her perfectly sun-tanned body and stubby erect nipples only served to fuel my desire to have her. After slipping a condom on, I slid between her moist lips with consumate ease. Moving in unison, Heidi clasped her lithe legs around me as I pumped into her. By the time I came, sweat was pouring off our bodies, so Heidi ushered me into the shower where we proceeded to arouse each other again in a series of intimate hugs while a refreshing stream of cool water washed over our bodies.

After drying each other down, we took it in turn to rub after-sun into our bodies. The feeling was sensational as I massaged her pink nipples which were still swollen by the excitement of our passionate lovemaking.

Heidi had to leave early before Paul arrived back. Perhaps because we knew it was my last night we decided not to exchange addresses, and leave it at that.

In some ways I wish I had kept in touch, but realistically I know it would never have worked out with us living in different countries. Even so, it was an experience I will cherish for a long time.
NM, Bristol

Latex news

Your Vol 25 No 8 Scene column mentioned the *Zeitgeist* range of rubber and latex clothing. It was interesting to see the one photo you included, but would it not have been far better to have one or more of your models posing, and gradually stripping off the rubber and latex garments?

I, and many others I'm sure, would dearly like to see some of the girls you have recently featured in such provocative clothing — even more so if they were wearing the six inch high heels you also mention in the article. I know it might appear like advertising for the said company, but it would be worth it I think. In the case of high-heeled shoes, I feel that of late, they have been rather neglected by you. There is no better sight than a full length view of a girl wearing stockings (preferably black and seamed), and very high-heeled shoes. High heels, and I'm talking five or six inches, really accentuate the curve of a girl's bottom and breasts. There is also something very alluring about the arch of a girl's ankles in such footwear, which bare feet can never quite match no matter how sexy they are.

On another matter, I would advise all your readers to look again at Karen Brennan's latest appearance in *Mayfair* (Vol 25 No 6). They will see in one shot of her in the pool that her pubes are clearly apparent, and also on the last page of her photos, a wisp of pubic hair can be seen in the upright shot. So tell Karen there is nothing left to hide, and that we all welcome her first full frontal shots tastefully done by *Mayfair*
SC, Norwich

Talking sex

I must admit I've been hooked on the Channel Four series *Sex Talk*. For those of you not familiar with the programme, it basically consists of a group of young adults talking about their views and experiences concerning sexual matters.

One of the very first programmes talked about orgasms, and the guests described what they personally felt when having one. When the camera turned to a rather dishy blonde girl, she started to recount an experience she had with a boyfriend during a rather hectic love-making session.

Apparently she got so excited when she felt her orgasm approaching, she gripped the headboard of the bed for support, and during the actual climax, she got so worked up thrashing around, the headboard actually came apart in her hands — or two bamboo supports to be precise. Wow! That's what I call sex. The most exciting thing my lady does during a climax is ask if I've remembered to put the cat out. How's that for sex talk . . .
PJ, Shrewsbury

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

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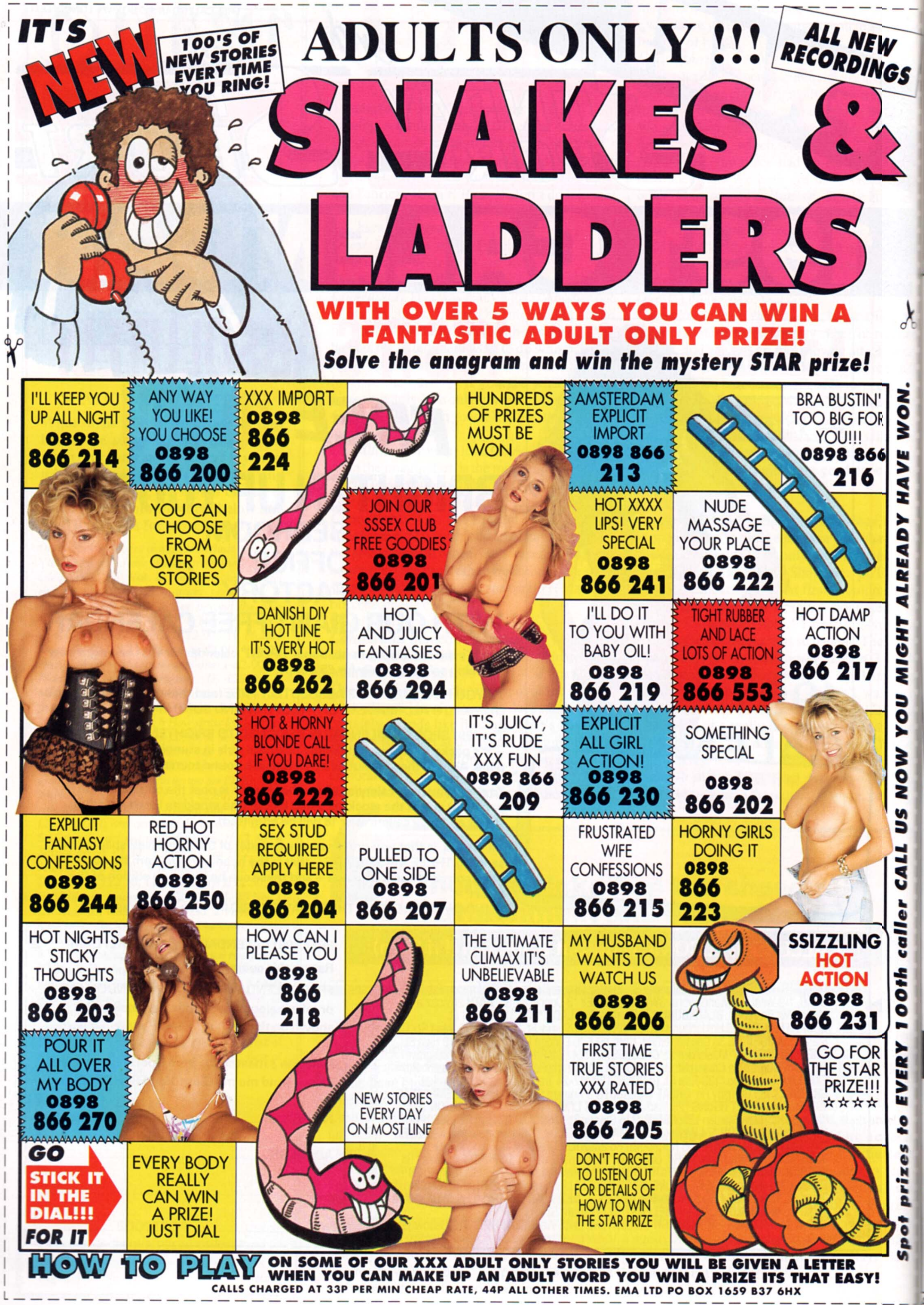

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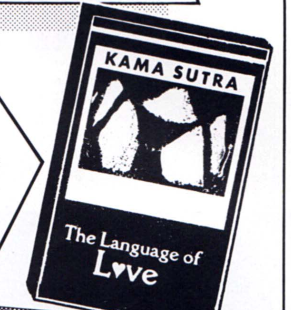

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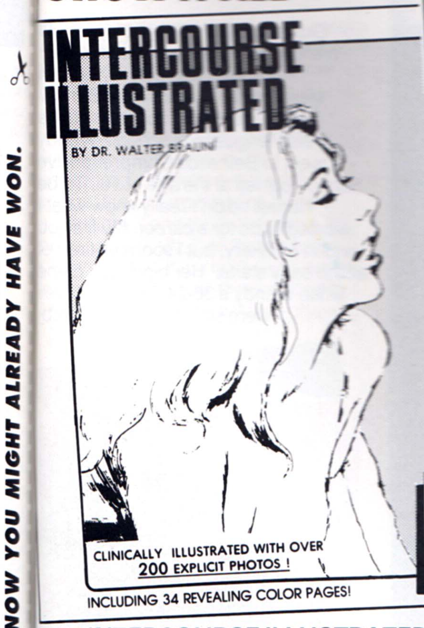

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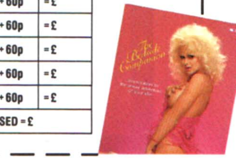

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